

The TATLER

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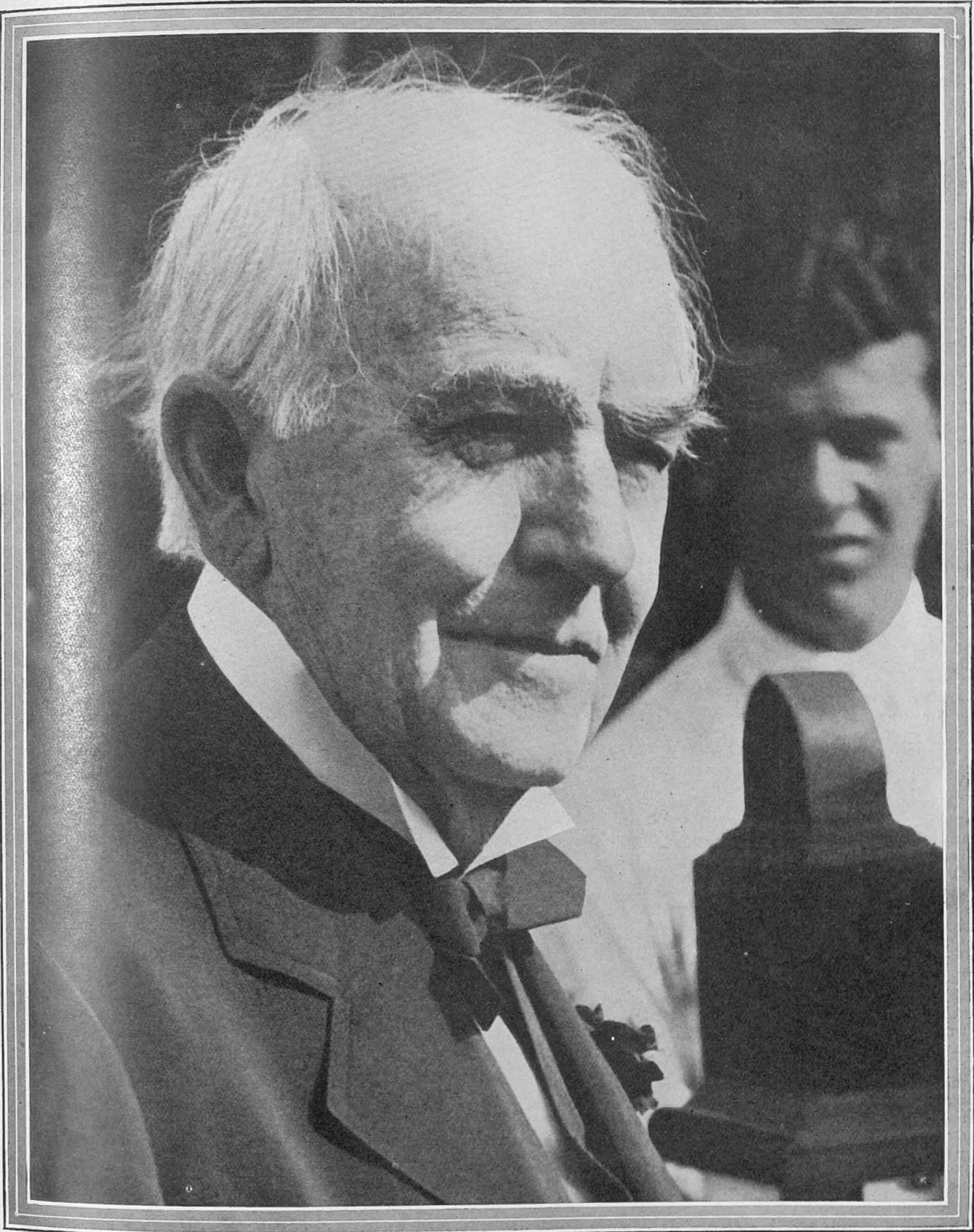
The TATTLER

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THOMAS EDISON ON HIS EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

A striking portrait of one of the world's greatest inventive geniuses, taken at Evans Park, Edison's winter seat in Florida, where a memorial tablet was unveiled in his honour. Thomas Alva Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, in 1847, and started life as a newsboy. His first effort was producing the first newspaper printed in a railway train, and not long after that he turned his attention to telegraphy, and caused, as we know, a revolution in the whole system. His inventions total well over 500, including many for the United States Government during the War. He has been President of the Naval Consulting Board since 1915



Arthur Owen

AT THE SOLDIERS' WIDOWS' MATINEE AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

Her Majesty the Queen attended the matinee at the Aldwych Theatre last week in aid of the Royal Cambridge Home for Soldiers' Widows. The ladies in this group assisted as programme sellers. The names, left to right, are: Mrs. Murray-Smith, Miss Nancy Brooke, Miss Monica Duncan, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, and the Hon. Mrs. Thellusson



Hay Wrighton

MRS. L. A. GODFREE (MISS KITTY MCKANE) AND HER SON DAVID

It was good news to learn that Mrs. L. A. Godfree will come back and be in the field at Wimbledon this year. She has been badly missed for two seasons, ill-health having kept her out of action

DEAREST,—Things seem a little more unsettled, if anything, than when I last wrote to you. The temporary collapse of the Naval Conference, pending the return of the French delegates, has given us time to stop and wonder what it is leading to, and given Mr. Winston Churchill the opportunity for his violent outburst at the Navy League meeting last Wednesday. And even if there are people who disagree with him, beside the supporters of the Government, they must, at least, be full of admiration for the very graphic new words which he used in his speech. As he has done the same thing before in moments of crisis, he will probably be known to posterity as much for the wide range of his vocabulary as for the fanciful variety of his hats.

* *

The lay mind is not permitted to know what the Government thinks of the very general criticism as to its "passivity" and "squeezability" on the disarmament question. But no one seems to doubt that it must be very pleased at the rise of the new Empire Party which is so disturbing the official Conservatives. The prospects of this party and its "personnel" in the way of leaders was, I fancy,



WITH THE COTTESMORE AT LANGHAM

A snapshot taken last week of Major and Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbersty, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, and the Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps. Major Cantrell-Hubbersty has now recovered from a baddish fall he had earlier on. He officiates as one of the field masters of the Quorn

the chief topic of discussion in every house during the week-end. The names of Sir Harry McGowan and Sir James Dunn were frequently mentioned as the most probable chiefs. As to its prospects there seemed to be much difference of opinion, apart from the certainty of vote-splitting. However, it will surely have done noble work if it achieves nothing more than making us think definitely on the whole subject of political economy. How much simpler, really, if we had a dictator instead of the eternal vicious circle of party politics!

It is good news to hear that the Exhibition of Italian pictures at Burlington House is to be extended until the 20th instead of finishing next Saturday, and that from next Monday it will be kept open until nine o'clock. And even that won't be enough to

judge by the crowds who still go there every day to see what they can. It is a pity that the Exhibition will be over on April 11, when the pageant of a chosen few of these pictures is being given at the matinée arranged by Lady Birkenhead in aid of the General Lying-in Hospital. That clever artist and organiser, Miss Olga Lynn, is making herself responsible for this part of the programme, and therefore it is sure to be well done. I notice that Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith is the only one of his sex to appear on the list of performers, which includes many of our loveliest women.

These lovelies are headed by Lady Diana Cooper, who, though she has not yet let us know which picture she will represent, could hardly choose any but a Madonna. Mrs. Dudley Coats is to be a Crivelli Madonna, and Miss Baby Jungman, the Pollaiuolo "Portrait of a Lady." Mrs. Henry Mond is to be Strozzi's "David," and Piazzetta's lovely group will be done by Mrs. Alfred Bossom, Miss Annabel Mann, and two others not yet decided. Tiepolo's wonderful "Finding of Moses," the most ambitious of all, is in the hands of Mrs. Fred Lawson, Captain Victor Gordon-Lennox, Mrs. Bernard Freyberg, Captain Cuthbert Orde, himself an artist, and a whole host more, while Lady Lindsay Hogg and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt are to represent the "Leonardo Virgin with St. Anne." Both Miss Nancy and Miss Baba Beaton, too, are to appear.

Their brother, Mr. Cecil Beaton, should be back from America to give his valuable help and advice. He has been out



Ian Smith
STANLEY LUPINO AND
LADDIE CLIFF

Into a big fish somewhere north of the Tweed. They were in Edinburgh on tour with "Love Lies" at the King's Theatre. It had a tremendous run at the Gaiety and was one of the big money-spinners



Arthur Owen
LADY LEON, MRS. BOYD-THOMSON, AND LADY ROSEBERY

With the Whaddon at Bletchley Park, Lady Leon's house. She is the widow of the 1st baronet, Sir Herbert Leon. Mrs. Boyd-Thomson is the wife of the secretary of the hunt, and Lady Rosebery, as needs scarcely be recorded, that of the hard-riding Master, Lord Rosebery, who, to the satisfaction of all hands, is carrying on next season



Arthur Owen
THE HON. SHEILA CARY AND
MISS D'ANYERS-WILLIS

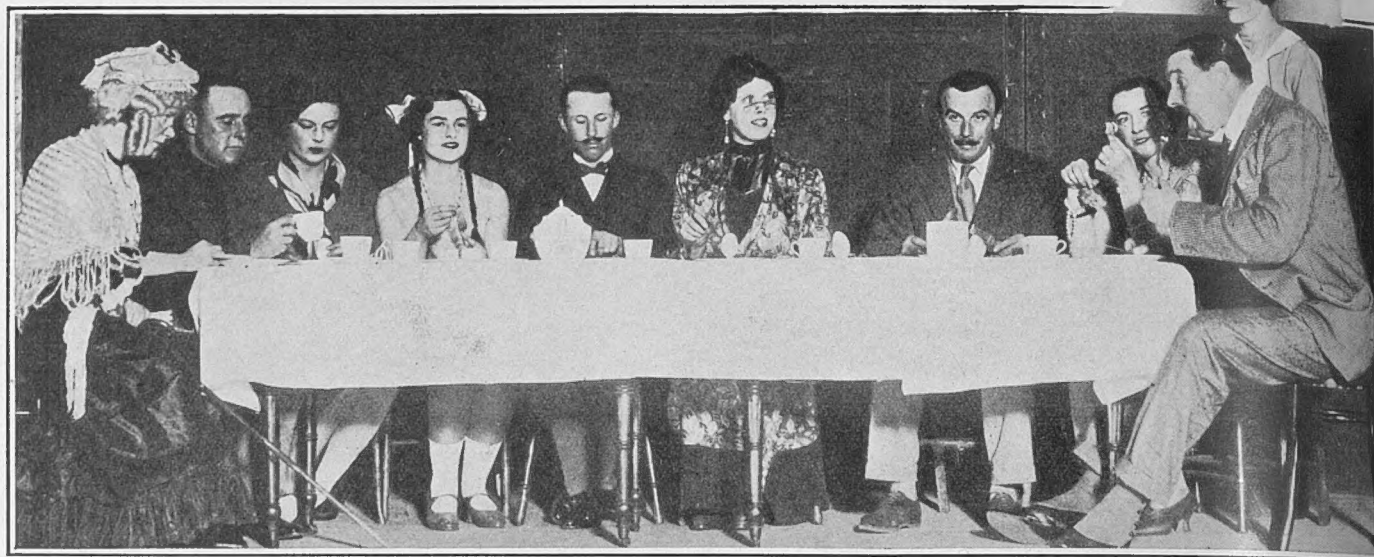
At a recent meet of the Fitzwilliam Hounds. The Hon. Sheila Cary is the younger of Lord and Lady Falkland's two daughters, the elder being the Hon. Mrs. John Mayhew

there for some time now, combining business and pleasure, and is looking forward to being home again in about a fortnight or so. At this moment he is holding an exhibition at the Marie Stenner Galleries in New York of all the work he has done since last year. And he is also hard at work on his beauty-work, which ought to be vastly interesting. In the intervals of photography, sketching, and writing (for he has been doing articles too), he has found time to acquire a becoming tan on the sands of Palm Beach, though he fears that most of it will have worn off by the time he gets home. And also to become quite proficient at tap dancing, he and Adèle Astaire have been taking lessons every afternoon from three coons who run a school on Broadway.

For some reason there has been more entertaining during the two first months of this year than I can remember for some time, and as the preliminary season for the debutantes is just beginning, it will only be in the last few weeks before this very late Easter that there will be nothing going on. One of the most important of the early debutante dances was given a few nights ago by the Duchess of Norfolk for her second girl, Lady Katherine Howard. This was at Norfolk House, almost the last remaining of the ducal residences, which rumour has already pulled down and replaced by a theatre to shock the aristocratic ghosts of St. James's Square. Lady Katherine shared coming-out honours with her cousin, Miss Maryel Drummond, who has been a constant visitor at Arundel all her life. The dance was a much smaller and younger affair than the one the Duchess gave for the debut of her eldest girl, Lady Rachel, six or seven years ago. That was at Arundel, and the famous Baron's Hall was filled.

On the same night as the dance at Norfolk House, Lady Astor was giving a party a few doors away for the American Secretary and Mrs. Stimson. It was a well-chosen party, with various Ambassadors and Ministers with their wives to represent diplomacy, and such shining lights of the great and official worlds as Lord Crewe, Lord Cushendun, Lord Cromer, Sir John Simon, and Lord Eustace Percy. Beauty was well represented by Lady Beatrice

(Continued on p. 418)



THE "COMMUNITY SINGING" NUMBER AT THE MELTON TABLEAUX

One of the most amusing of the many clever conceptions at the tableaux and entertainment organised by the Hon. Mrs. John Gretton, aided by her daughter, Miss Molly Gretton, in aid of the Framland Melton Nursing Association. Included in this group are (centre) Mrs. George Paynter (the proprietress), the Old Lady (Miss Payne-Gallwey), the Tired Business Man (Captain Houghton), the City Clerk's wife (Miss Molly Gretton), her child (Miss Elizabeth Harrison), the City Clerk (Mr. P. Payne-Gallwey), the school-mistress (Lady Catherine Willoughby), the Elderly Vamp (Miss Lexie Wilson), the Major (Major J. H. Harrison), and the Maid (the Hon. Helen Mildmay)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

Pole-Carew, and the arts by Lady Hilton Young, the sculptress, and Lord Berners, whose real gifts as a musician are at last being appreciated over here. He is one of the many stars who is contributing to the new Cochran Revue, due in London on the night before the Grand National.

* * *

And that reminds me that racing, in its more social sense, will soon be starting again. For the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham is only a week ahead of us now, while the Grand Military meeting at Sandown and Aintree follow in the next two weeks. And that means getting our smarter racing kit prepared. Some of course have been faithful all through the jumping season. First and foremost on the list of these is Lady Chesham who must get almost full marks for attendance and quite full marks for unvarying smartness. I saw her at Kempton's last meeting, when the bitter cold kept a good many people away. A few others whom I ran into were Mrs. Eric Gallatley, Mrs. Raymond Boileau, and General Geoffrey White, whose height and extreme good looks singled him out from the crowd. Two others whom I found there with some surprise were Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger and Miss Mala Brand, for Ascot has so far been about the beginning and ending of their racing activities. Mrs. d'Erlanger and her husband will be badly missed when they leave England next week to go to South Africa for six months or more.

* * *

So many people seem to be gone or going away. Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley, whose daughter, Betty, has just announced her engagement to Mr. James Phillips, Sir Laurence Phillips' third son, are now in the South of France, where they mean to stay for about a month. The Riviera, which seems to

have been rather under a cloud this season, is filling up a little now, and among others who have gone to bask in its sunshine are Lord Newborough, who is at Monte Carlo, and also Lady Sassoon, who will go on later to Italy and stay away until April. The Duke of Leeds has gone south too, and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley is now cruising in the Mediterranean with Sir Richard, having preferred to go out to Gibraltar by liner, and join his yacht there. And Lord and Lady Lichfield stayed on the Riviera for a few days before sailing for Egypt. On the other hand, Lady Juliet Duff is home now from the Riviera, and

so are Lord and Lady Glenconner, who have been staying for some weeks at their delightful villa at Cannes. Lady Glenconner was thus able to greet her mother, Lady Muriel Paget, on her return from Russia. Quite a number of people, in fact, are home again now or just about due. Miss Imogen Rhys from Rome. And both Lady Priscilla Willoughby and Lord Sefton from South Africa. Lord Sefton is well in time for the beginning of flat racing, which could hardly get on any better without his presence and his good stories than even Lord Lonsdale. Mr. and Mrs. Evan Morgan are returning to us too. They are due back to-morrow from the West Indies, where they have been for the last few weeks.

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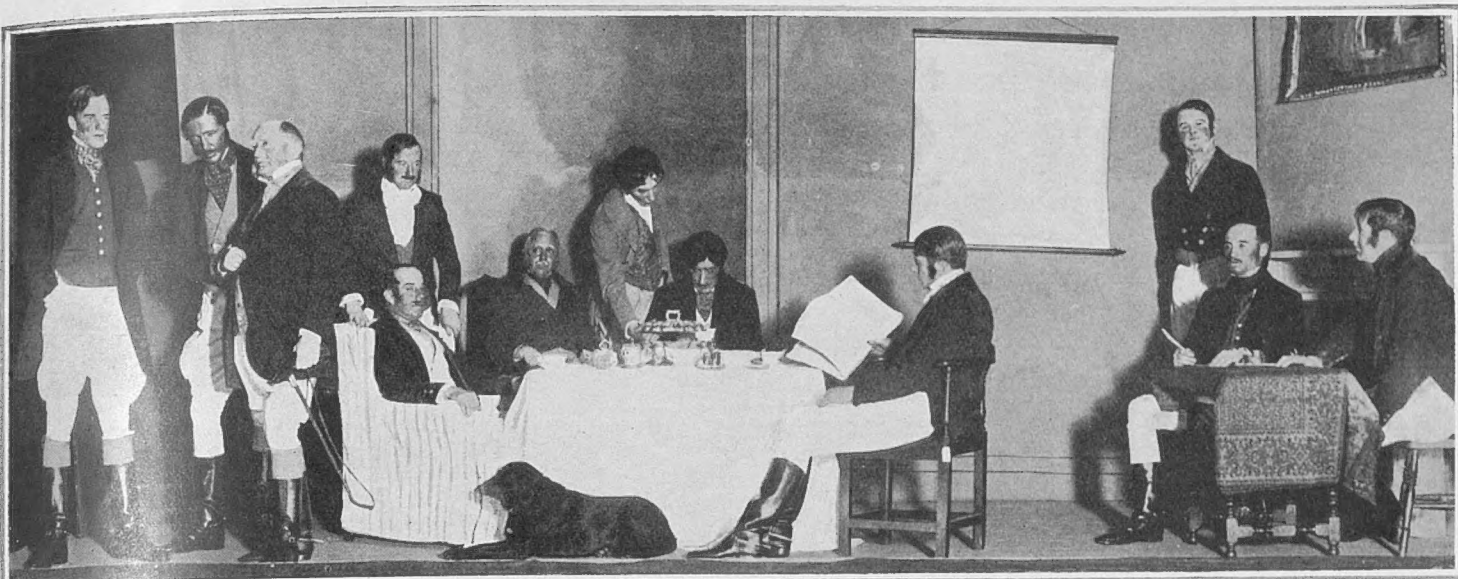
Barring Miss Betty Kindersley's engagement it has been a comparatively unromantic week. Except for Count Hochberg's persistent assurance that his engagement to Princess Ileana is not off, and that all will be made clear for their marriage later on. And that is distinctly intriguing. I have heard several rumours of engagements to be, but considering all things, including the most interested people, I will refrain from throwing out even the slightest hint, since everyone is so clever nowadays at interpreting the whole truth from the slightest clue.—Yours ever, EVE.



CAPTAIN SHERRARD (THE EARL OF LEICESTER) AND LADY EBRINGTON (QUEEN ELIZABETH) IN THE MELTON TABLEAUX

Another of the excellent incidents which were arranged and of which some other pictures appear on the opposite page. The entertainment was held at the Melton Mowbray Corn Exchange and was a tremendous success

THE MELTON TABLEAUX



THE MELTON HUNT BREAKFAST

After Sir Francis Grant's famous picture

The names in this wonderful reproduction of the well-known picture of the Hunt Breakfast at the Old Burton Street Club, Melton, left to right, are: Lord Molyneux, Mr. Charles Mills, Mr. Vere Chaplin, Lord Ebrington, Colonel H. S. Ashton, Colonel Sidney Green, M.F.H., the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, the Hon. James Howard, Mr. J. F. Gretton, Lord Blandford, General G. C. B. Paynter, and Major J. F. Harrison



HENRY VIII AND HIS WIVES—ANOTHER WONDERFUL TABLEAU

Major Jack Harrison, a magnificent Bluff King Hal in this, another of the tableaux which the Hon. Mrs. Gretton arranged, aided by her daughter, Miss Molly Gretton, in aid of the Framland Melton Nursing Association. The wives, left to right, are: Katharine of Arragon (the Hon. Mrs. Fane), Anne Boleyn (Mrs. Charles Mills), Jane Seymour (Miss Elizabeth Harrison), Anne of Cleves (Miss Mary Sherrard), Katharine Howard (Miss Susan Roberts), and Katharine Parr (Miss Margaret Loeffler)

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

Bravo, the British!

BRAVO, Elstree! Bravo, Mr. Hitchcock! Bravo, the Irish Players! And bravo, Mr. Edward Chapman! British International Pictures, Ltd., and these fine artists have between them put together one of the most remarkable films that it has ever been anybody's pleasure to see. Just as *Elstree Calling* was, in my view, unmitigated footle, which would have bored an infants' school, so *Juno and the Paycock* appears to me to be very nearly a master-piece. It would be quite a master-piece but for the fact of our consciousness throughout that what we are witnessing has not been conceived as a film but is a photographed play. I do not think that this matters very much, and in any case audiences which have not seen the play may not have this consciousness.

But I desire to say, and to say with all possible emphasis, that here is a film which completely justifies the talkies. I have frequently made the point that there can be no more sense in hating the talkies than in hating the Atlantic Ocean. They are here and in full tide and cannot be stemmed. Since people invariably mis-hear when one speaks at the top of one's voice, let me say, in the teeniest and even weeniest whisper, that all I have ever disliked about the talkies is the imbecilities they have talked. Drivel's dregs is not too harsh a phrase to describe those pictures uniquely pur-suant of the chorus-girl's approach to and retreat from seduction. Sleeping and waking I loathe these pictures, designed apparently for the edification of nursemaids, mannequins, Nippies, steeplejacks, butcher-boys, and the University Blues. But when I come across a magnificent thing like *Juno and the Paycock* I am going to like it in as loud a voice as I dislike the rubbish. There was once a statuesque lady who was so far an actress that she was accustomed in the Drury Lane pantomimes to hold lamps at the feet of staircases. She had at one time married into the peerage but had soon "turned from" her noble though occasionally drunken spouse. "It was always that way in our family," she said. "When we cleave, we cleave; and when we turn, we turn." When I loathe, I loathe; and when I like, I like. I like *Juno* enormously.

Perhaps something more serious about this film may not be out of place. Three-quarters of a century ago Henry Morley made the discovery that the English temper jibs at undiluted tragedy. Whether for good or ill, the English audience, says Morley, has a habit of looking out for something upon which to feed its appetite for the absurd. The orthodox writer of melodrama satisfies that hunger with a comic under-plot, and by so doing "saves his terrors whole." It is impossible, I suggest, to imagine an Englishman taking his wife and family to a State theatre on a Sunday afternoon to follow the humourless progress of *Polyeucte* and *Heracles*, *Bajazet* and *Mithridates*. We are not built that way, and Shakespeare knew it when he gave Lear his Fool and wrote in the porter's scene in *Macbeth*. Morley was writing of the theatre, but I shall use his concluding sentence, only substituting the word "film" for "play": "There must be a deeper earnestness than films can demand, in whatever serious thing Englishmen are to look at without exercise of that sense of the humorous which is part of their life; so natural a part that every man in every grade of society is regarded as a bore who lacks it; and the very phrase with thousands even among our educated men for not finding a thing acceptable is 'seeing no fun' in it." *Juno and*

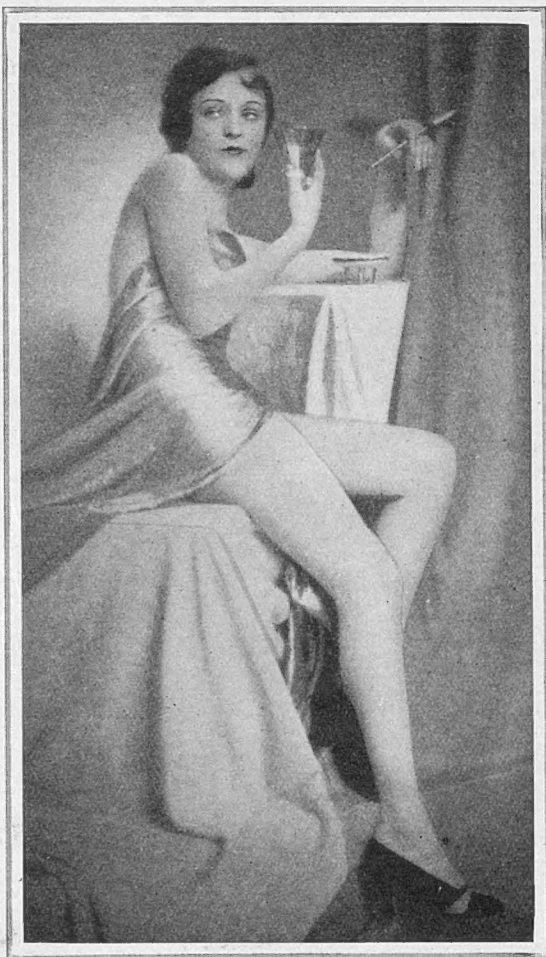
the Paycock is as much a tragedy as *Macbeth*, but it is a tragedy taking place in the porter's family. Mr. O'Casey's extraordinary knowledge of English taste—that he wrote his play for the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, is not going to be allowed to disturb my argument—is shown by the fact that the tragic element in it occupies, at the most, some twenty minutes, and that for the remaining two hours and a half the piece is given up to gorgeous and incredible fooling. The same proportion between tragedy and comedy is retained in the film. "Juno," it should perhaps be explained here, is a woman of the Dublin slums, born, courted, and married in the month of June; her husband is called "The Paycock" because he prefers taking the floor of a public-house in strutting magnificence to doing a day's

work. The tragedy that befalls their son and daughter is felt in repercussion by the mother, and not at all by the father. The daughter's affair is comparatively commonplace. She is courted by the lawyer's clerk who brings the news of the family's sudden prosperity, and is at once abandoned by him when that prosperity proves chimerical. The son's tragedy is conditioned by the drama's place and time. The scene is a tenement-house in Dublin, and the time is 1922, during the fighting between the Free Staters and the Republican Die-Hards.

There are some tremendous moments in this film, and the comforting of the terrified boy by his mother has extraordinary poignancy. The scene in which the boy who had informed against a comrade is himself taken out to be shot is the most moving thing I have ever seen in any cinema. The play, we remember, ended "with the return to his lodging of the Paycock," intoxicated, and unconscious of his son's death and the flight of his wife and daughter. This ironic close is the work of a master, and it seemed rather a pity that Mr. Hitchcock did not use it, preferring to end his film on the note of Juno's grief. Perhaps Mr. Hitchcock was right. Irony is a kittle thing to submit to a film audience, and probably this admirable film-producer has chosen wisely in ending on a safe note.

Of the acting of the Irish Players in this film it is hardly necessary to say anything, for Miss Sara Allgood as Juno and Mr. Sydney Morgan as Joxer are every whit as good on the screen as they are on the stage. Miss Maire O'Neill is excellent, too, though a little inclined in the early scenes to speak away from the camera. I confess that I looked forward with some

trepidation to the performance of any actor who should succeed Mr. Sinclair as the Paycock. There are some parts which some actors play so magnificently that they make them their own to the extent that any other actor's playing is mere encroachment and usurpation. Irving's Mathias, Coquelin's Tartuffe, Edward Terry's Richard Phenyl—but the list is a long one. Mr. Sinclair's Paycock belongs to this category of the undivorceable. This knowledge must have weighed heavily upon Mr. Edward Chapman, who nevertheless gives a heroic performance and one to be seen with pleasure and profit even by those who most admire Mr. Sinclair. It only remains to say that the voice reproduction is perfect throughout, and that the audience audibly revelled in the film's humours, and was audibly moved by its heart-rending close. A magnificent British picture.



RINA MARSA

An attractive picture of the young Russian film actress, who was born in the Caucasus and managed to escape from the Bolsheviks to Germany, where she has done good work under Erich Pommer, the famous German producer

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xiii

A QUINTETTE OF PERSONALITIES



ON THE RIVIERA: M. SACHA GUITRY AND HIS WIFE, MLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS



LADY OXFORD AND MR. JAMES MAXTON, M.P.



Edmund Harrington

LADY ELEANOR SMITH AS ST. GEORGE

M. Sacha Guitry and his delightful wife, who were photographed in the garden of their villa at Cap d'Ail, are as popular in this country as they are in Paris, and it is to be hoped that London will be allowed another Guitry season this year. The very striking picture of the versatile Lady Eleanor Smith as England's Patron Saint forms the poster which is to be used to give publicity to the special matinée arranged by Lady Birkenhead for April 11. The matinée is in aid of the General Lying-In Hospital in York Road, and a wonderful pageant, bringing to life the pictures in the Italian Art Exhibition, is to be its chief feature. Lady Oxford, whose original outlook on life makes its many aspects intensely interesting to her, took the chair recently at a spirited debate between Mr. James Maxton, M.P., and the Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P., on "Are the Rich Robbers?" The Chairman of the I.L.P., who makes no secret of his views on capitalists, has a sense of humour and a fine big voice. He was a school teacher before entering Parliament

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

HOBY seems to be unlucky this season (by this we do not mean the venerable gentleman who, even if he never draws a "straight" again is lucky), as two Mondays running it has been not fit to hunt. Some of the busy rich chose an admirable week to go and play railway lines in the South of France, and others expecting a week's frost went to London and missed a really good gallop on Wednesday. Hounds ran well from Goadby Gorse via Freeby to Stapleford, and in the excitement the greasy going was forgotten. On Friday hounds hunted well in the morning from the Prince of Wales Covert nearly to Brooksby and back to Ashby Folville. The lady in the silk hat on the chestnut horse was enjoying herself. Let's hope the frost holds in Yorkshire. One gentleman fell in a ford (no this isn't a sordid car story), and by the time Ashby Pastures was drawn he had changed from green to a rich cobalt in the biting wind. A fast gallop from Gaddesby Spinney in a ring to Brooksby, however, warmed everyone up at the finish. On Saturday the Cottesmore ran really well for forty minutes from "Sam's" Covert at Gunthorpe in the evening, but the Belvoir apparently could find nothing to hunt in the Vale, which has been so highly tried this open season. It has been suggested that a certain gentleman should bequeath his evening hunt-coat to Nathan's in perpetuity, in case in 2030 the same tableaux should be arranged at Melton. Almost any frock or figure goes with it.

From the Beaufort

Since last week, having been round the point-to-point course, we find the "Cresta Run" has been removed and the course, which is a good one, much improved. There is not going to be a point-to-point dance this year as there is no house available, which is most distressing, as it is always such a good party. Perhaps someone will come up to the scratch and have a party. The frost seriously affected the hunting last week, there being only one full day and two short ones. On Thursday hounds met at Bushton at one o'clock and had a very enjoyable hunt from Cleve Wood over the Bushton Vale, where the going was at its best. On Friday, after a long wait, hounds hunted in the Sodbury Vale. Who said "hark holla"? Saturday's meet at Littleton Drew produced an enormous crowd as usual, and had a fair day's sport. People seem not to have noticed the public telephones installed by the Government in nearly every village. Wouldn't these be good places for cars to wait at instead of following hounds? Patsey nearly spoilt a very sweet little face with a briar. Merrivale II's fine performance at Kempton has been re-acted several times since in the West End, takes the form of an all-talking, all-thrilling in three acts, and loses nothing in the telling. Bradenstoke's turn has come at last and hounds had a good hunt from there on Monday over an almost unexplored country. The Gate Crashers are to be congratulated and thanked for an excellent party. All the rank and fashion of Beaufortshire were on, with certain exceptions, and the party went with a swing till it was almost time to go home and change for hunting. The champagne flowed free from start to finish.

From Warwickshire

I want to buy a hunter, a really high-class sort. You would fancy such an animal could easily be bought. Yet I've been to every dealer and to Tattersall's as well, And the horse that I am searching for, they do not seem to sell.

He must stand 16'1 at least and carry 14 stone—
No weedy little rats for *me*—and quite 9 inch of bone.
Good-looking and clean-bred of course (or very nearly so),
As when the season's over, p'raps I'll hack him in the Row!
I just love jumping fences, so he must be really bold,
Go well into his bridle, but I hate 'em catching hold!
An extra fine performer, and at timber a Star turn,
Then some "firsts" in show-ring jumping his keep will help to earn.

No horse is any use at all who cannot stay all day.
Our Vale rides deuced heavy, for it's nearly all on clay.
I also need a quadruped to really go the pace
As one of my ambitions is to win our Red Coat race.

Now I think that I have mentioned mostly all that I desire—
A week's free trial given in of course I should require,

While a veterinary certificate comes next upon the list,
X-rays perhaps to follow in case anything's been missed.

For the type of horse described above, a high price I would pay—
Say ninety, or a hundred quid I'd stump up any day.

Now when you find just what I want,
please write at once (or wire)
C/o The Hunting Editor, the
"Optimist," Esquire.

From the Belvoir

It has been a bad week's sport with only one bright spot. On Tuesday there was a severe frost, and the meet had to be cancelled. On Wednesday from Goadby there was a quick find in the Bullamore, but the fox got to ground in the Harby Hills close at hand. The best hunt of the day was from Goadby Gorse. Hounds ran fast by Waltham to Newman's, then on over a nice line by Freeby Wood and village and over the railway almost to Burbidge's, then left-handed into Stapleford Park, where the fox escaped. It was a very good gallop. On Friday from Culverthorpe, hounds killed a fox after a short burst, and a couple more fair hunts took place later. Saturday was a day of disappointment. It was bitter cold, and the long draw along Harby Hills ended without result. Then the perished field hung about Holwell Mouth while the pack hunted a fox up and down the hill-sides but could never get him away. Eventually he got to ground and a long series of blank draws followed. We have had such consistently good sport on the Saturdays this season that it was all the more disappointing.

From the Fernie

The Stockerston Saturday gave the field a good day amongst the woods and dales. With Peaker *hors de combat*, Fred Kinch had his opportunity and came through with flying colours. There were varied opinions about the fitness of hunting on the Monday at Gilmorton. Frost was the difficulty, but the Master's prognostication that the sun would correct it, proved right. Hounds met an hour later. A small but distinguished field was present, and an excellent hunt was enjoyed. Charlie's Gorse provided the pilot, who was vociferously viewed away by the namesake with great satisfaction, being the first find there since the gorse was planted. A line through Peatling Spinnies to Gilmorton finished in Kilworth Sticks. Riders took on the fences gingerly, but woke up as the day advanced and the going improved. The dart from Walton Holt in the afternoon saw them all out. The Meltonian in disguise was amongst those for'ard. A biting east wind pierced the marrow at the Church

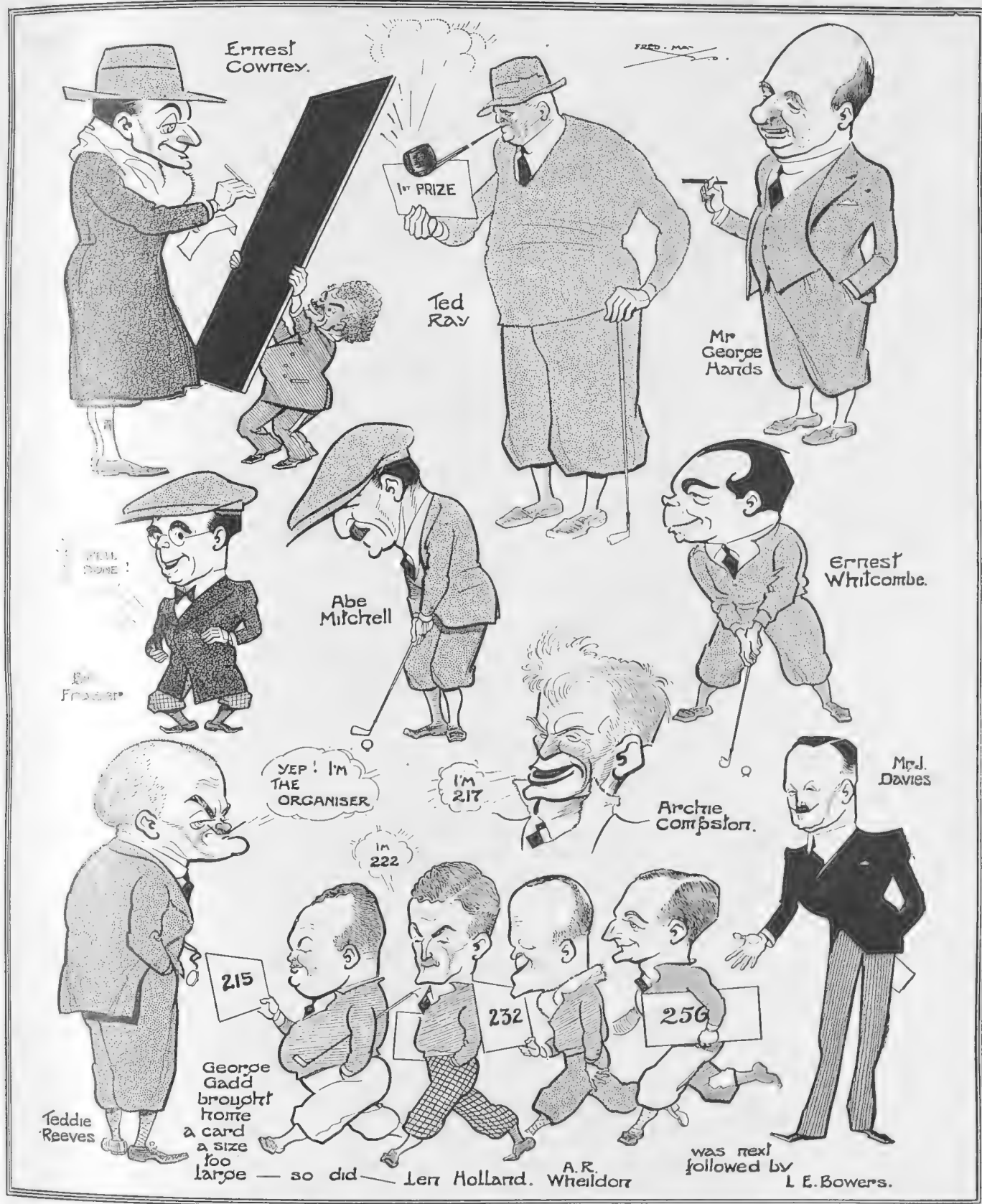
(Continue! on p. 12)



LADY RAVENSDALE, LADY MILDMAI OF FLETE,
AND THE HON. LANCELOT LOWTHER

With the Cottesmore on the day they met at Braunston last week. Lady Ravensdale is the eldest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon. The heiress to the barony is her sister, Lady Cynthia Mosley

THE MINIATURE COURSE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP



SOME CELEBRITIES AT TORQUAY—BY FRED MAY

The Miniature Championship was organised by the Palace Hotel, Torquay, and was a stroke competition over seventy-two holes, and played over one of the most attractive miniature courses situated in the picturesque grounds of the Palace Hotel, which in the interests of golfers generally deserves to be more widely known. The big guns competing were Ted Ray, Abe Mitchell, A. Compston, George Gadd, Ernest Whitcombe, Len Holland, A. R. Wheildon, and L. E. Bowers. The prize money of a hundred and fifty guineas was generously given by Mr. George Hands. Mr. W. H. Fraser is one of the prominent officials of the G.W.R. Ted Ray's score for the seventy-two holes was 209, and he was followed by E. Whitcombe 212, Abe Mitchell 212, George Gadd 215, A. Compston 217, L. Holland 222, A. R. Wheildon 232, and L. E. Bowers 256. Two holes in one were recorded during a round of 23. Ray holed his tee shot at the fourth, and Whitcombe, in his replay, in which he beat Mitchell for the second prize, holed out at the first.



J. G. Wilson
COLONEL ARCHIBALD
STIRLING

Showing us that it is still winter in Scotland! He is "skipping" a curling match on Menteith Lake, Perthshire

model of what she ought to be, or peradventure as a warning of what she would become if she *wasn't*. Nowadays, however, the old happy certainty exists no longer. A heroine may be anything, or rather everything she should not be, and nothing that she should. If she gaily loses her virginity—what of it? If she calls her mother "an old hag"—what, again? If at the end of her third marriage she discovers the latest co-responder to be the man she has really been trying to find through three husbands and two flare-ups, her creator's blessing goes with her into the Divorce Court, and we also are asked to bless the union and pity the poor lady for having had to experience so much to obtain just happiness. Presently I am certain I shall read the opening of a new love story which will begin thus: "Mary was carried in drunk. The third time that week. Her dear old mother, who had only been found drunk and affectionate once since her widowhood eighteen months previously, was very vexed. She was an old-fashioned woman. She could not properly understand Mary's varied complexes." Just that, and so on. Well I must confess that it does make the reading of modern novels, often such a dull, dreary occupation, a little more exciting. Gone are the rows of asterisks which used to ring down the curtain sometimes on the only part of the story which promised an escape from the fatuous and commonplace. Nowadays we usually ring up the curtain where the asterisks once hung all in a row, so to speak, and the authoress who does not only sail near the wind, but right into it, is classed among the Miss Dells and Miss Swans whose nice stories are only fit for nice women—*those poor mutts!* The only trouble is that nowadays story-tellers are discovering that to ring the changes on vice is as difficult as ever it was to do so on virtue. After you have given your heroine a few lovers, some dope, made her drunk several times, and presented her undressed occasionally, there really seems nothing else to do with her if you want to keep your readers interested in her inhibitions. It is all very depressing; the other six deadly sins make dull reading. In any case, and do you remember? how even the mention of a prostitute in a novel was sufficient for any self-respecting parent to slam it down on the table as a book which wasn't fit to be published. Occasionally that lady's profession was mentioned, it is true, but only to point an awful moral to those who might go out and do likewise. In "Vallejo Kitty" (Constable,

Alas, the Blue-eyed Innocents of Yesteryear!

Heroines are not what they were. Years ago you could have felt quite safe with any of them. There was not one which you could not have picked out to present to your innocent daughter as a



J. G. Wilson
CAPTAIN RALPH JOYNSON

Curling on Menteith Lake, Perthshire, last weekend. Captain Joynson is a cousin of Lord Brentford, better known perhaps as "Jix" when he was in the House

7s. 6d.), however, Ann Knox deliberately makes her heroine the more or less contented inmate of a house of ill-fame (such a poetic description that), and I await the roaring of old-fashioned mothers, fearful for their young, at the story's publication, or at the writer's audacity. Moreover, it was not as if Kitty sat upstairs on her bed beating her breasts and crying to Heaven for deliverance. She wasn't even locked in, and yet she never attempted to steal away in the dead of night to become a poor domestic, though thus, thank God, respectable. She entered the establishment of Molly's Speak-Easy in San Francisco of her own free will. True, she had been ravished—not too unwillingly—by a tinker, but nothing came of it. She could still have got her reference as a housemaid. But Kitty had not those kind of inhibitions. True, she picked and chose her lovers, because she was very beautiful and still young. She could afford to be particular. Indeed for a long time she held one Johnny at bay, although he was very kind to her and just at that moment very rich. However she gave way at last, and through his help and advice was able so to invest her money that a short time afterwards she could afford to shake the dust of Molly's house off her feet, come to Europe, become a paying guest in the household of an impoverished British peer, and eventually become a peeress herself; presented at Court, too, when Queen Victoria sat on the throne. Alas, it must be confessed that Kitty good is ever so much duller than Kitty—well, not so good. The descriptions of San Francisco and life in Molly's establishment are very well done. Kitty bad was Kitty with interesting psychological possibilities. Kitty rich and in Society was Kitty only conventionally pleasant and charming. So the last part of the novel disappointed me. The first part was amusing as well as interesting as the picture of a certain side of life, but I much preferred Vallejo Kitty to Kitty Countess of Stamford.

A Delightful Story.

In much the same way I preferred Joy, the heroine of Miss Muriel Hine's latest novel, "Pilgrim's Ford" (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), when she could only speak very broken English to when she grew up and could

talk the most lucid Giron. Briefly, I found her much more entertaining and original as a child. Older, she seemed to conform more to the conventional heroic pattern; a thoroughly nice girl, adored by her grandfather, adoring her dear old home, and even adoring her husband (so old-fashioned of her!) when often she had every reason to doubt his moral behaviour. Joy as a little girl was a young imp and full of the elements of surprise. Joy as a débutante, and again as a young married woman, became more estimable than fascinating. At one moment I did rather hope that the boy with whom she used to play as a little girl, and who as a young man fell in love with her, might perhaps have stirred up her adult niceness into something a little more



THE HON. VERONICA FRASER

The little daughter of Lord and Lady Lovat of Beaufort Castle, who was one of those who led the grand march at the Fancy Ball in aid of the Northern Infirmary, Inverness

(Continued on p. 426)

A BLACK OUTLOOK

By George Belcher



Cook: I 'ope yer mother won't take the same furnished 'ouse this summer, Miss, for the pots and pans weren't fit fur 'uman consumption

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

highly-seasoned. He was far more worthy of her than was her husband. It seemed to me she would always have trouble with *him*, even though at the end it did appear as if the shoals of matrimony had been passed and henceforth all would be for Joy and Quentin as safe and savourless as a ride on a penny steamer down the Manchester Ship Canal. She would have had no trouble with poor Ray at any time, who, moreover, besides being a cripple, was by nature one of those silently loving men who are quite safe to leave about anywhere. However, there you are. Joy preferred her husband, and believed his explanation over the incident which presumed his infidelity more easily than I should have done. Still it all makes a most readable story. Once again Miss Hine, too, has given us an inimitable study of one of those elderly women who in books are so amusing but whom in real life you long to murder. "Pilgrim's Ford" should be as successful as any she has written.

The Ideal Cookery-Book.

We leave the world of the spirit, however, and descend to the body, although I must confess that whenever Mr. Teignmouth Shore publishes a new cookery book I feel that to eat properly is an art, and that there must be something which also satisfies the spirit in a dish properly designed, properly prepared. No one can write a cookery book quite so amusingly as he can. His books, too, tell us what we really do want to know. That is, a thousand and one little additions, little variations, little suggestions, which can turn the ordinary fare of the everyday into a mental as well as a physical excitement. His recipes are rarely extravagant; that is unless a little care, and trouble, and imagination are extravagant in a cook. Each one deals with ordinary ingredients, yet turns the result so about, as it were, that it becomes a new dish—a delight, a novelty; one might almost add a "reputation"! So if you wish to eat well

buy, borrow, beg, or steal Mr. Teignmouth Shore's new book "Dinner Building" (Batsford. 3s. 6d.). Nothing better has been written on the cuisine. It is one of the few cookery books which are interesting to read, even though your own knowledge of how to cook and what, begins and ends by giving a stir to the Christmas pudding. It gives us recipes which are included in no other cookery books; most cookery books are so repetitive! One would have thought that every cook and housewife ought to know how to cook and prepare the dishes with which the usual cookery book deals. They go over the same old ground in the same old way, and when you have read one you have read the other nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand. With Mr. Teignmouth Shore's cookery books all is different. Most of the recipes are new, and even the old ones are slightly different. That "slightly" which makes all the difference! I can imagine no more delightful present to give to a woman whose cuisine seeks to approach an attainment which is akin to Art. And, let me add, for the most part with small additional trouble and little or no extra expense.

A Good Novel With a Mild Problem.

"Should," asks the one who writes inside the dust-cover of Roy Devereux's new novel, "The Incredible Truth" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), "a woman conceal from her husband the origin of her fortune, even when the secret is a perfectly

innocent and honourable one?" My own answer is, she should not. But then, if the author of this very readable story had agreed with me, there would have been no story to tell. And that, under the circumstances, would have been a pity. True, the explanation of Lydia Herrick's wealth sounds a little preposterous, but if her husband believed in her, as he undoubtedly did, he would also have believed her explanation. In any case, as the cynic might add, what husband is going to judge his wife harshly who suddenly comes into a great fortune? Especially as in her days of poverty she had befriended him, saved him from a lingering death, and, at the sacrifice of her own "good time," married him. Well, and how did she come into this comfortable fortune? The answer is that she was incredibly lucky. She married the man she loved, yet the other man, who loved her, was so anxious that she should be happy that he... Oh, why am I not too a heroine, and why do not I live in a book? Things come out all so right in a story. I wouldn't mind a bit sorrowfully snivelling through many years if I knew that my heart's desires were all to be granted long before I was too old for that blessed consummation to matter much anyway. Fortunately, Roy Devereux has also managed to make her plot interesting by her sympathetic study of Lydia and her husband,

and especially of Julian Fell, the man who loved Lydia so deeply that her happiness came before anything in his own life. It is a most readable story.

Here is Another.

Only in this instance Ruth Suckow, in her novel, "Cora" (Knopf. 7s. 6d.)—and a most interesting novel it is, too—has been brave enough to ignore the more obvious and sentimental ending. The omission, it must be added, keeps her story much closer to life, but I doubt if it will make her novel more popular. People love that mushy last chapter in which a romantic ray from Heaven suddenly lights up circumstances seemingly impossible to illuminate. The story itself is laid

in the Middle West, and in reality is a vivid, penetrating study of one woman, Cora, the eldest daughter of an immigrant German tailor. In order to get on and become independent she steadfastly avoids all the joys and freedom of youth and concentrates solely on her work, on her career, on her future. She succeeds, moreover, in this ambition, whose only handicap, however, is that in her ascent she has to drag with her a singularly helpless kind of family, headed in helplessness by her own father. Then, during the first real holiday she gives herself, she falls for a wretched lover who marries her, and deserts her and their child a year later. So poor Cora has to begin all over again, and to begin all over again is one of life's dreariest tragedies. However she succeeds. She wins through. She makes a name and position for herself in the town in which she lives; yet in succeeding she has had to forego all those human pleasures which she yearns after, and which, being young, should have been hers. There we leave her. Miss Suckow throws Cora no cheap reward. In this, or so it seems to me, she has been intelligently wise. Her story remains a rather remarkable study of a very interesting character and also of life in the Middle West. A novel you should not miss, especially if trash does not absorb you.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xl of this issue



Daughter of House: And next week I'm going to Paris to get my new clothes
Grandmother: Yes—yes, I wondered where you had left them

"SILVER WINGS"

At the Dominion Theatre



THE INCOMPARABLE TRIO: EMMA HAIG, LUPINO LANE, AND JOHN KIRBY



PABLO SANTOS (HARRY WELCHMAN) AND INEZ (DÉSIRÉE ELLINGER)



"NO YE DON'T!" ROSS FAIRFAX AND TESSA DEANE

"Silver Wings," which landed light as a feather at the Dominion Theatre, after a most successful flip round the Provinces, is fully dealt with in the "Passing Shows" pages, as also by the caricaturist, and there is no need to tell the story all over again and remind you that no blacker-hearted villain than Pablo treads the earth or a sweeter heroine than Inez can be found. Lupino Lane and Emma Haig prevent us from thinking too much of the wicked, who bristle with revolvers and exude crime at every pore. It is a great show and has not a dull moment



A GROUP AT BRIONI

Major Spens (left), the Baroness Beck, Captain Ernest Platt, and Prince Raoul de Rohan on the links in that delectable island in the Adriatic. Brioni acquired some additional lustre last year by reason of the fact that both Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. Gene Tunney were amongst its patrons. Prince Raoul de Rohan is a son of Prince Raoul de Rohan

MY DEAR TATLER,—I seem to have had all sorts of adventures since I wrote you last, one of the most entertaining being the fact that on the first day of the Winter Sports at Peira Cava, I, in company with about a thousand other enthusiasts motored up in order to enjoy a day among the snows.

During the sports, however, there was a sudden very heavy fall of snow, and when the long cavalcade of cars was preparing to begin the winding descent down into Nice, we found the road completely impassable. There was nothing for it but to return to Peira Cava, where I must say everyone was wonderfully kind and hospitable to us, and we passed quite a reasonably comfortable night, returning home the next day somewhat travel-stained but otherwise none the worse.

Here in Monte Carlo there is a great deal going on. The opera is still enjoying a really record season, and I must say Captain Chadwick and Mr. John Brownlee are very "easy to listen to," as an American member of the big audience said to me a night or two ago.

Richard Strauss is here, and his new opera, *Helene en Egypte*, is a wonderful work in every way. We are all doing a good deal of dancing in the evenings now, as in addition to the nigger band, there are the Californian College Boys at the Café de Paris, who are really wonderful. I saw

Ambrose of the May Fair sitting listening the other night, with quite a rapt expression of interest on his face, and this evening when I dined there Yvonne Prin-temps, in a lovely white-and-silver frock and the most marvellous jewellery, was almost clapping her hands off with enthusiasm at the wonderful performance of the big Alsatian dog, who forms one of the members of the band.

Quite a lot of people were dancing, and I saw Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley looking very handsome in green, and Sacha Guitry, rather solemn, but obviously enjoying himself very much indeed. The Sporting Club is very full now, and a new-comer, who, like Lord Derby, never gambles, is Lord Jellicoe, who is staying with Sir Harry Livesay on board his yacht in Monaco Harbour, and is



MISS JOAN RIDLEY

The famous English lawn tennis player who with Mrs. Satterthwaite won the Ladies' Doubles at the International Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes, defeating Mrs. L. G. Owen and Miss E. Petchell 6-0, 4-6, 7-5. Miss Ridley also won the Singles

OUR RIVIERA LETTER

putting in as many days' golf as he can before returning home next week-end. There are a great many International dinners and galas in preparation for next week's huge lawn-tennis tournament at the New Country Club, for there are as many International players taking part as there are at Wimbledon, and the fact that for the first time for years we have a really representative British men's team competing in the Butler Cup doubles, has made the English residents down here very keen indeed. "Bunny" Austin is quite the hero of the moment as far as England is concerned, while American supporters are equally ready to put their money on "Junior" Coen, whom Tilden describes as the "finest boy player of his age in the world to-day."

There is a whole mass of European champions—Von Kehrling, Jan Koseluh, Artens, Count Salm, Mataka, Galepe, Aeschliman, Würm, Cochet, Brugnon, De Buzet, from France, and Germany's two best players, Prens and Kleinscroth. Italy has De Morpurgo, Stephain, and Gaslein, while England is represented by Austin, Kingsley, Hughes, Lee, Rogers, and Peters. One person who will be very much missed at the tournament, however, is the King of Sweden, who after having twice had to postpone his visit owing to the illness of the Queen in Rome has now had to put it off altogether. His granddaughter, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, who has been staying with the Duke of Connaught at Cap Ferrat, left suddenly for Rome this morning to be with him, and there is great regret at the non-appearance of the King, who is a very popular person on the Riviera.

This week is, of course, the commencement of the Carnival in Nice, and I hear that the entry of King Carnival was celebrated with all the usual pomps and ceremonies.

The Palais de la Méditerranée, however, is always get-at-able, and I had a wonderful evening there a few nights ago where I saw the beautiful "Miss Paris" complete with pet dog.

The first of the two Cannes-Nice annual golf matches has just been played off, resulting in a handsome victory for Cannes, where the Hon. Denys Scott and Lord Cholmondeley were members of the winning team. Although I am afraid I know little or nothing about chess, it is very gratifying to hear that in this week's big chess tournament at Nice, two English masters of the game, Sir Richard Barnett and Sir George Thomas, are leading handsomely.—CAROLINE.



LADY MARY HOPE, LADY WARD, MISS WARD, AND MR. J. WARD

At the International Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes last week. Lady Mary Hope is a sister of the Marquess of Linlithgow and also of Lord Charles Hope, who is so well known in the lawn tennis and golf world

SOCIETY PORTRAITURE

*Hertram Park*MISS DIANE
CHAMBERLAIN

The only daughter of Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain is a pretty and very intelligent young lady with a charming manner which has made her lots of friends. Miss Chamberlain is looking forward to a busy season, and is to be presented at an early Court. Her father, twice Chancellor of the Exchequer and a famous Foreign Secretary, was created a Knight of the Garter for his services as negotiator of the Treaty of Locarno. Sir Austen Chamberlain is a deliberate and imposing speaker, and has the manner of the old school of statesmen.



This very happy picture of Lady Minto and her little boy is the result of a quite recent visit to the studio. Lord Melgund, who will be two in the summer, finds it the easiest thing in the world to get people to spoil him, which is not to be wondered at. Lord and Lady Minto have a house in Charles Street, but are generally at Minto House in Roxburgh during the hunting season. Like her sister, Lady Haddington, Lady Minto finds the pursuit of Scottish foxes an entrancing occupation.

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO AND VISCOUNT MELGUND

Marcus Adams



"FLORENCE"

A new "winter" photograph of the lovely American dancer, who is a great favourite at the Casino de Paris and the Marigny Théâtre in Paris. She is actually dancing at Miami, Florida, but returns to Paris in the spring. This picture was taken on January 15 at the Deauville Casino, Miami, Fla.

TRÈS CHER.—A cosily small bedroom, or so it seemed since the huge stage of the Comédie Française has been reduced, by means of neutral-tinted draperies, to half its usual dimensions. A bed prepared for the night, but that had not yet been slept in, grey walls upon which the starkly modern portrait of a youth dominated; a table, a chair, a lamp, and a telephone. That was all and yet it was sufficient, when the raised curtain disclosed the scene, to exasperate a small number of malcontented persons into yelling à *bas Cocteau*, to which the majority of the audience retorted by applauding wildly while the rest stolidly reserved judgment.

When silence was obtained we became aware that a slim figure, in a diaphanous night-robe, lay, face downwards, on the floor at the foot of the bed. After a moment a bare arm groped upwards reaching for a wrapper that lay on the uncrumpled coverlet, and in that mechanical gesture one realised the hours of petrified waiting that had elapsed ere it was made. It may have been evening . . . night . . . or dawn, but of a certainty the woman had lain in that position through an age of frozen despair. The telephone bell then rings, and as the sharp vibrations quiver into the silence the listless figure suddenly lives with such intense avidity that one has the certitude that one is witnessing a miracle.

Thereupon follows, at the telephone, a one-sided conversation, a broken monologue that lasts for over half an hour (so certain critics informed the world next day; personally I had not thought to bring a stop-watch with me!). This monologue is one of the most amazing feats of dramatic art I have ever heard since it enables one to realize the intimate tragedy that is being enacted, and one can visualise the invisible person at the other end of the wire, although only one half of the conversation is heard. The unknown man is the woman's lover. They have parted by mutual accord, without recrimination, and on the morrow, he is getting married. But the woman still loves him and, according to her wish, he is telephoning a last farewell. At the sound of his voice she becomes a sentient human being, but when that voice leaves her—with the brutal little click of a replaced receiver—one realizes that her world will have ended.

Priscilla in Paris

I cannot tell you the hundred and one details that go to the making of this little master-piece—the broken phrase, the inarticulate endearment, the laughter that grimaces on a tear-wet cheek, the fragmentary reference to this or that incident of their past life together, even the silent moment, when she listens with heart-rending intensity, are inexpressibly moving. Nothing "happens." There are just the bed-room, the woman, and the telephone . . . but what atmosphere emanates from these three "things!" You will perhaps think it is all due to the actress. Do not imagine that. True I know no other than Berthe Bovy capable of creating such a rôle, but she shares the honours fifty-fifty with the author, who could so easily have made the whole thing a mere mess of wordy sentimentality. I imagine that in a play such as this, although there are fewer "lines" than usual, more than usual importance must be given by the actress to the exactitude of every word. No little personal additions or changes such as so many actors love to make, greatly to the horror of the dramatist responsible for the play.

Take such eminent present-day dramatists as Henry Bernstein or Edouard Bourdet, for instance, whose plays are brought to the first rehearsal with not only every line polished, and with its *raison d'être*, but also with the greater part of the *mis-en-scène* mapped out so that the acting can hardly fail to be the perfect interpretation of their ideas. It must be intensely exasperating to find after a while that here or there a player in search of further limelight has put his rôle out of focus by giving his own version of the idea he is required to express. He or she may raise a laugh or increase for a moment a dramatic situation, but the proper equilibrium of the scene is inevitably spoiled.

At the Français I happened to be sitting by Edouard Bourdet—whose latest success, *Le Sexe Faible*, which is playing nightly to house full capacity, will probably be seen in London this year. It was the first time I had met this celebrated play-wright (you remember, of course, *La Prisonnière*), and I was thrilled to see what a keen and interested spectator he is and with what warm applause he can greet the work of a *confrère*. Real applause! None of that soundless patting-of-palms that merely appears enthusiastic, he gave good measure, and—oh! girls—he's a bonny lad!

Mark ye, Très Cher, *La Voix Humaine* is not to everybody's taste, and that most omniscient of critics—Drama . . . Art . . . Music . . . the Fourth Dimension . . . Automobilia . . . nothing comes amiss to his eloquent pen—Gaston de Pawlowski of *Le Journal*, whom I admire so intensely, was excessively severe. So much so that I can only imagine that he had come to the theatre fresh from a tussle with the telephone exchange, and that, of course, would account for much.—With love,

PRISCILLA.



Mlle. MEG LEMONNIER

In "Good News" at the Palace, in Paris, as "Tor," the celebrated cartoonist, sees her. Meg Lemonnier is a pretty Canadian, and made her first hit in Paris in "Broadway." Her second barrel in "Good News" has also found the target plumb in the centre



Yevonde

MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH FOR THE CO-OPTIMISTS ON THE FIRST OF APRIL

The "large theatre" at which the Co-Optimists were stated to be going to appear in their reorganised state is now revealed; it is the London Hippodrome, and the date chosen—appropriately or otherwise it is not for us to say—is April 1. Miss Elsie Randolph has been in "That's a Good Girl," "Follow Through," and "Sunny." The Co-Optimists' show to be presented will be an entirely new one and with a new "formula." It will contain some "potted plays" done rather in the Pélissier manner, and an innovation likely to be welcomed is that the performance will be in three parts instead of two. The revised venture will open in Birmingham on March 24, and a week later will come to London.

What a Whoopee!



LORD DONEGALL WITH MISS OLIVIA PLUNKET GREENE AND HER BROTHER



MR. PELLY, THE HON. MRS. D. TENNANT, MR. LEVESON, AND MR. THESIGER
Left: MISS RUTH BALDWIN AND MISS "JOE" CARSTAIRS WITH MR. COL. CLOUGH, MR. D. PLUNKET GREENE, AND WING-COMMANDER TYRRELL



MR. AND MRS. C. B. COCHRAN AND MISS PEGGY WOOD



LADY CECIL DOUGLAS, LORD VICTOR PAGET, AND A FRIEND



LORD CECIL DOUGLAS AND LADY SHOLTO DOUGLAS, MR. BRUCE, AND MR. G. SWIDEN AT SUPPER

Here are some of the participants in the "United States" Party, a spirited affair given recently by Miss "Joe" Carstairs, the intrepid motor-boat speed merchant, and Miss Ruth Baldwin. It will be observed that the outfits were pretty snappy and Miss Carstairs as a Mexican and Miss Baldwin as an American sailor gained full marks. Lord Donegall's gesture to the evening's entertainment was a pocket panama, and "horn rims" were at a premium. Lady Cecil Douglas is Lord Queensberry's sister-in-law, and Mrs. Dennis Pelly was formerly Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby. Miss Plunket Greene and her brothers are the children of Mr. Harry Plunket Greene, the distinguished singer. The stage was well represented by Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cochran, Miss Peggy Wood, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, and Mrs. David Tennant. (Hermione Baddeley)



ON THE LEFT MISS STUDIE, MR. D. PELLY, MR. LEVESON, THE HON. MRS. PELLY, MR. KIT WOOD, THE COUNTESS DE ESCH, MRS. DARI, AND A N. OTHER



THE RECENT ARMY COMMANDERS' CONFERENCE IN DELHI

H.E. Sir William Birdwood, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.S.O., L.L.D., Commander-in-Chief in India, with the four army commanders who attended the recently convened Military Conference in Delhi. With His Excellency are: Seated—General Sir Alexander Cobbe, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. (Northern Command), General Sir John Shea, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (Eastern Command); standing—General Sir Charles Harington, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., D.C.L. (Western Command), and Lieut.-General Sir William Heneker, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (Southern Command)



A SPANISH TABLEAU AT A CABARET AT THE DELHI CLUB

The pictures on this page from that picturesque and oft-changing capital of India, Delhi, might aptly be called War and Peace, for the two at the bottom are in strong contrast to the group of grim war lords at the top. The cabaret at the Delhi Club was organised by Mrs. L. A. Stuart, in aid of church charities, and did extremely well. The names in the group, left to right, are: Miss Birdwood (the C.-in-C.'s daughter), Miss French, Miss Cumber, Miss Daldy, Miss Stevenson, and Miss Robertson. The other picture, in which are H.E. Lady Irwin and the Duchess of Sutherland congratulating the winner of the Diana Stakes, was taken at a gymkhana in Delhi

Photographs by Kinsey Bros., Delhi



H.E. LADY IRWIN, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, AND MRS. VIGOR

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Silver Wings," at the Dominion Theatre



LUPINO LANE, JOHN KIRBY, AND EMMA HAIG

Three ministers of mirth whose combined eccentricities ensure that colour and romance do not get things entirely their own way

YOU get out of the tube at Tottenham Court Road and walk straight into Mexico. You can't miss it—first on the right past the Box Office, where they make no to-do over passports, and there you are. Something tells me it's a far, far better Mexico than ever came out of the store of erroneous impressions which all imaginative persons create for themselves about people they have never met and places they have never set foot in.

It is strange how invariably these mental pictures are wrong. Tell me that your sister (whom I have never seen) is honeymooning with a man called Pottlebury (whom I have never met) in the Juniper Islands (which I've never heard of), and what happens? I at once conjure up a vision of (1) your sister, (2) Pottlebury, and (3) the Juniper Islands. I see, shall we say, a flat, thin-lipped woman with large ears sitting on a veranda warding off the mosquitoes with "The Missionary Gazette." Pottlebury is in the next deck-chair eating a juniper, a short, red-faced man with watery eyes and indigestion. . . . Of course I'm wrong. Your sister is a raving beauty, all curves and cocktails; Pottlebury is six-foot-four and a superb tennis-player; there are no mosquitoes, and the juniper crop has failed again. Or it may be the other way round. Your sister's ears. . . .

Where was I? Ah, yes, walking into Mexico, the enchanted land of *Silver Wings*, which knocks the stuffing clean out of the Travel Agencies and

confirms me in the resolve to stay at home and do my travelling in peace and comfort from the stalls. I have been to the Rockies with Rose Marie, and a very agreeable trip it was; I have heard the Riffs sing their Desert Song amid the sand bunkers of Morocco; I have explored the reaches of the Mississippi in the Show Boat which used to leave Drury Lane pier at 8.15 p.m. I have slipped over to New Orleans and dallied on an island in mid-Pacific where pirates and marines fraternised in community singing and Bolshevism revealed its first simple beauties. The Lido is an open book, the Riviera as commonplace as Hampstead Heath.



THE SMILING ART OF MR. FOWLER
Disguised, for purposes of banjolele accompaniment, as an American cowboy

Now, if you offer me three weeks in Mexico, carriage paid, I shall hesitate. Sir Thomas Cook might let me down; Sir Alfred Butt never. As a double Clayton and Waller may be a safer bet than Dean and Dawson. My mental photograph of the real Mexico is only half developed, but what is there, as Mr. George Robey didn't say, is bad. Flat, scrubby prairies, rocky mountains, one-horse towns, long-spurred cut-throats overloaded with revolvers and braggadocio, rattlesnakes, and a revolution three nights a week, with a matinee during the shooting season. Give me the Mexico of Messrs. Dion Titheradge, Douglas Furber and Company, and any other version can stew in its own gore. For here Romance walks unashamed in a land overflowing with silk and honey, song and dance, colour and movement. Here live such pillars of the English nobility as gallant Sir George Farley (Mr. Dennis Hoey) in a house large enough to accommodate the bevy of local

beauties, some fifty strong. These ladies think nothing of dancing in their stockinged feet around the sleeping Basilio (Mr. John Kirby), that mountain of brigandage and back-chat; nor of changing their mantillas every few minutes for others of gaudier hues; nor of flirting outrageously with Captain Pablo Santos (Mr. Harry Welchman) and his gang of desperadoes, even joining them in broadcasting the vocal news bulletin that "Rebels are out"; nor, in fact, of performing all those complex convolutions which Producer William Mollison and Dance-Director Ralph Reader demand of their chori.

Here in this unearthly paradise, while a thunderstorm momentarily darkens the azure skies, love flies in; not through door or window, but right through bricks and mortar with a bang and a crash and a whirling of silver wings. It is the aeroplane *Lone Bird*, bearing that prince of baritone aviators, Philip Marvin (Mr. Donald Mather), on his transatlantic flight. We had been hoping anxiously for the crash ever since the male chorus of mechanics burst into valedictory song in the aerodrome back home, and the *Lone Bird* was visible against a background of angry clouds, ere the pilot's plaint—"I'm going west, going west"—echoed in the prompter's corner.

We knew it would come, because the stowaway in the cockpit was Mr. Lupino Lane. Moreover it was high time that Sir George's foster-daughter, Inez (Miss Désirée Ellinger), and that incorrigible flirt, Sadie from the U.S.A. (Miss Emma Haig), were provided with a soul-mate, each to each. Inez was more or less betrothed to the rebel captain, but prayed nightly for an

broken English. With due precipitation they fell in love; El Capitano turned nasty (one couldn't blame him) and held his nameless rival up to ransom. Then a lady arrived from England by air who purported to be Philip's wife but who was in reality his pal's sister, memory returned, and the lovers (who had been secretly married as Mr. and Mrs. Austin Reed, the bridegroom's *nom du shirt* and quite the best quip of the evening), flew away in the aeroplane, leaving Mr. Welchman broken-hearted but full of melodious *reprise*. Mean-



MR. DENNIS HOEY

As the mad-cap heroine's most distinguished foster-father



DONALD MATHER AND DÉSIRÉE ELLINGER

Who prove to everybody's satisfaction that love can triumph even over aeroplane crashes and loss of memory

Englishman, and especially one who was not averse to a bath. When the crash came with superb realism, Philip got concussion, lost his memory, and wandered about trying vainly to connect the song of the local peewit with the first bar of "Silver Wings." Inez, the little mad-cap, ran after him in black velvet riding-breeches, high-heeled shoes with spurs, a stock-whip, two glad eyes, and a wealth of

Miss Emma Haig's lilliputian figure, complete with neck-bow, bare legs, and strange attitudes, further electrified matters, and in a duet, "Indispensable you," the pair drove one more nail of burlesque into the coffin of ballet. Only a demi-god could surpass the sang-froid with which Mr. Welchman strikes matches on his revolver, smokes and sings simultaneously, woos, swaggers, bullies, blusters, and even puts over a "production number" to the memory of Montezuma (whereat the ruins of Luma Vista are peopled by a vast army of feathered Aztecs ranging in plumage from dark red, through pink, to purest white).

It would be a hard heart that declined to capitulate under the spell of Miss Ellinger's charming voice, becoming sun-burn, and choice of trouserings. To like her in black velvet-de-soir was a prelude to adoring her in brown marocain-du-matin, and positively worshipping her in white crêpe-de-something, guaranteed to plunge the pyjama-beaches of the Lido and the bathing-pools of Hollywood into paroxysms of feminine envy. Mr. Donald Mather's loss of memory fortunately involved no corresponding failure of voice. Mr. Kirby, with a walk more resembling a jelly in motion than a Mexican on his dignity, deserved more to do. Mr. Art Fowler performed brief wonders with his smile and banjolele, and Mr. Dennis Hoey delighted me by wearing white spats and a grey frock coat to offset the local colour. That oft-plugged ditty, "Far Away," suggested that "Lover come back to me" is still a good tune, and always will be; "Asleep in my heart" is one of those lingering waltzes which may, or may not, re-awake in my bath, and the rest of the score is *vin ordinaire*. A very luscious and tempestuous evening.

"TRINCULO."



MR. HARRY WELCHMAN

A most magnificent bandit of the true Mexican breed. Pablo Santos is a hundred-per-cent. Sheikh of the region where brigandage and rebellion are amongst the respectable professions

GOOD SPORT IN HUNGARY



COUNT BETHLEN AND (right) H.S.H. ADMIRAL NICOLAS HORTHY

These interesting pictures from Hungary were taken at a recent big shoot held on the estate of the Regent, H.S.H. Admiral Nicolas Horthy de Nagybanja. The bag was a very satisfactory one and included several wild boar. In his position as Regent Admiral Horthy has sovereign rights, with certain restrictions. He was elected by vote of the National Assembly in 1921, three years after Hungary became a Republic. Count Bethlen is Prime Minister and Count de Monza is Italian Ambassador in Budapest. Count George Festetics, who has often hunted in England, and is a polo player, is a kinsman of Prince Festetics of Tolna



AT GODOLLO: A FINE BAG OF WILD BOAR



COUNT GEORGE FESTETICS



COUNT DURINI DE MONZA



COUNT ESTERHAZY KAROLYI



COUNT SANDOR PALLAVICINI



LOADING UP THE GAME CART

Photographs by Erika Geyer



"OH QUE TA MUSIQUE M'ENERVE"

By Jean Gabriel Domergue



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"THAT HAUNTING MELODY"
MIRTH AND MOTLEY AT THE COURT OF KING JAZZ

Drawn by Hookway Cowles

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CFH.41

THE TOP OF THE MORNING!



THE SOUTH BERKS HOUNDS AT THREE FIRS, NEAR READING

If everybody whose picture adorns this paper looked as pleased to see the photographer as these hounds, how easy would be the lot of that often much-tried person! Both pictures were taken on the day they were at Three Firs, Burghfield, not far from Reading, and in the top one Ike Sheffield, the huntsman since 1914, is in front, and his whips, A. Pitts and H. Hatley, are behind. In the other picture the stars of the pack seem to have grouped themselves deliberately, and someone must have been holding up a bit of biscuit! Mr. Guy Hargreaves and Major A. E. Phillips, D.S.O., are the Joint Masters, Mr. Hargreaves having had them since 1919

BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC



MR. AND LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

The boatmen employed at the Tay salmon rod fishings were the guests in Stanley Hotel at the birthday party of the Countess of Dudley. Boatman Macpherson presented Lady Dudley, a keen angler, with a silver-mounted "priest" (a baton for killing fish). The names, left to right, are: Mr. A. W. Fox, Boatman P. Thomas, Lady Dudley, Boatman Macpherson, and Lord Dudley. Lady Dudley, as is known, was formerly the famous actress, Miss Gertie Millar



MRS. CLARE ROBINSON ARRIVES IN NEW YORK



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ALASTAIR MACKINTOSH ABOARD S.S. "MAURETANIA"



THE EARL OF ROSSLYN IN CUBA

Lady Dudley's interesting birthday party is fully described in the note below it. The other picture at the top was taken at Seggleden, Perth, when Mr. James Richardson Drummond-Hay brought home his bride, who was Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton, the younger of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's beautiful daughters. They were married in Salisbury Cathedral on February 1. Mrs. Clare Robinson, better known in the literary world as "Mollie Panter Downes," who wrote her first book when she was sixteen, was caught by the camera on her arrival in New York Harbour aboard the S.S. "America," and so were Captain and Mrs. Alastair Mackintosh, who were in the "Mauretania." Captain Mackintosh's first wife was Miss Constance Talmadge. Lord Rosslyn, who is one of the many people who are sheltering from the English weather abroad, was at a race meeting in Cuba

A FEW FROM THE FLICKERS



Ernest A. Bachrach

DORIS KENYON IN "BEAU BANDIT" AND THE
"NEW COSSACK JACKET"



Ernest A. Bachrach

REGIS TOOMEY AND EVELYN BRENT IN "FRAMED"



Kenneth Alexander

Beautiful Doris Kenyon is in private life Mrs. Milton Sills, wife of the famous stage actor and cinema star, who is one of the most commanding figures on the movies as he is over 6 ft. and big in proportion. Doris Kenyon's star parts are almost as numerous as the Milky Way, and they say she has another much to her liking in "Beau Bandit." One of her other big pictures was "The Blonde Saint." Evelyn Brent is usually commandeered for any crook pictures which may be on hand, and in "Framed" she is in yet another of the species. "Lady Robinhood," "Midnight Molly," "Forbidden Cargo," and some other things like that are amongst her past successes. Lillian Gish completed her first big "talkie" when "The Swan" was finished, and we in England have yet to find out if her voice is as beautiful as she is herself!

LILLIAN GISH IN "THE SWAN"

RUGBY RAMBLINGS

MILL HILL, the famous school which may or may not like to be included among London institutions, must have been proud of her football sons after the English victory over France. Three of the England side

hailed from Mill Hill, and curiously enough all three were among the bright particular stars of the day. The two halves, W. H. Sobey and R. S. Spong, both played the game of their lives, and P. D. Howard, the back row forward, was one of the best men on the ground.

Many of the critics have not given the two halves sufficient credit, and one is inclined to ask these gentlemen what they really did expect. Sobey was largely responsible for the try gained by H. G. Periton, and single-handed he cut out the opening which gave J. S. Reeve the chance to make his brilliant run. Apropos the latter effort, a quotation from a London daily is not without interest. "England never looked like scoring until Reeve made a lightning effort on his own account." Sobey's run from the scrummage to the full-back was apparently not worth mentioning.

The old Cambridge blue, as a matter of fact, was extraordinarily useful, and how he came safely through his many tussles with the burly French forwards is something of a mystery. One of the visitors showed his appreciation by deliberately kicking Sobey two or three times as he was on the ground after being tackled, which was the occasion of the outburst of booing from the spectators at the southern end. Mr. A. E. Freethy, who controlled the going admirably was very firm with the offender, who was rather lucky to get off without drastic punishment. And so was the forward who assaulted the English skipper a few minutes before the close.

We ought not to make too much of these isolated incidents, however, for the visitors as a whole played the game as it should be played, and though naturally disappointed took their defeat gracefully enough. They were beaten by a better side and they knew it. And they were full of praise for the referee, which is not always the case after a hard-fought International. They can still share the Championship if everything goes right for them, but they have not beaten Wales yet!

R. S. Spong was deservedly one of the heroes of the day with the crowd. As some people anticipated, the game played by the Frenchmen just suited him, for it gave him every opportunity to exercise his wonderful powers of defence, and it did not make too high demands on his ability to play the combined game with his centres. His hands were as safe as ever, and he gave the ball to the men behind him in strictly orthodox fashion. His pluck and determination were splendid, no man has ever rendered England more whole-hearted service.

Another popular hero was J. G. Askew, who sustained a rather serious injury soon after the start, but did not allow it to affect his play in the slightest though he was lame and in obvious pain. He always contrived to get to the ball or the man somehow, and he kicked beautifully.

The Robson-Reeve wing, if it produced nothing startling in the way of combined efforts, was nevertheless far more successful than the other pair. A. L. Novis had an off day, and made it quite clear that, despite a Press campaign to the contrary, he is far more at home on the wing, at any rate in International football. H. P. Jacob also failed to justify his selection, though he kicked well at times.

M. Robson obtained a wonderful individual try, perhaps the finest scored by an English centre since the great days of R. Poulton-Palmer.

The try aroused immense enthusiasm. I have never heard more prolonged cheering at Twickenham. A dear old lady sitting next me stood up and screamed herself hoarse as the Dark Blue beat man after man, and long after her voice failed her she still stood clapping her hands. The number of feminine spectators, by the way, seems to increase with every big game at Twickenham, and they cannot all be genuine followers of Rugby.

The solid phalanx of English forwards stood manfully up to the whirlwind tactics of the Frenchmen during the first twenty minutes, and then slowly but surely proceeded to take the upper hand. In the second half they dominated the game to such an extent that England should have scored more than a single try; proof that our three-quarters were not at their happiest. Sam

Tucker hooked as cleverly as ever, and was splendidly supported in the tight and in the loose. It was pleasant to see H. G. Periton in something like his best form again, and whilst one expected to see a little more of H. Wilkinson, P. D. Howard was ubiquitous and his tackling was devastating.

This was not the best team France has had, for the halves and backs were comparatively slow for Frenchmen, and though some of them did a lot of useful work they, like their opponents, missed several chances of scoring. France can always find a full-back of class, and L. Piquemal had no reason to reproach himself for the result. Nor had the scrum-half, L. Serin, who is not as quick and lively as he once was, but nevertheless worked tremendously. R. Samatan, penalised for a ludicrous off-side offence, produced a look of injured innocence which was almost as comic as his crime.

The French forwards began well enough, and until the English scrummage had settled down got plenty of the ball. Later on they signally failed to get possession, and will never do any good until they produce a hooker who can act without sitting down to it.

"LINE-OUT."



HAIL TO THE VICTORS!—THE ENGLISH XV

The team which held the fort so gallantly at Twickenham v. France, and after the first twenty minutes, during which we all got a shock from the flashing attack of the Frenchmen, gave us that winning feeling. England led France at half time and was all over her in the second half. Final score 11 to 5. The names are: Left to right. Standing—A. E. Freethy (Referee), H. P. Jacob, P. D. Howard, J. W. Forrest, B. H. Black, J. G. Askew, and H. Rewe; sitting—J. S. R. Reeve, A. H. Bateson, J. S. Tucker, H. G. Periton, and H. Wilkinson; on ground—M. Robson, R. S. Spong, W. H. Sobey, and A. L. Novis



FRANCE'S RUGGER EX-PREMIER
M. CHAUTEPS

A snapshot taken in a crowd, hence the rather strained expression. His friends were wanting to find out what he was going to do at the Naval Conference. M. Chautemps is an old French International



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Pictures in the Fire

By
"SABRETACHE"

ONE of the most amusing collections of fox-hunting stories and experiences which I have come across for some time, "Hunting and Horses," by "A Fox-hunting Woman" (Mrs. Philip Martineau), has been sent to me for review. It is published by Benn, and the coloured frontispiece is by my valued friend, G. D. Armour, and is of a gallant lady taking on a flight of extremely new-looking rails uphill! I can quite believe that this picture was inspired by the artist's—and the hunting world's—knowledge of the authoress, who used to go as hard as most and a lot harder than some of the really intrepid few. I have read this book from cover to cover and have enjoyed every line of it, mainly, I think, because the authoress possesses that light, unconventional touch which is so rare but is so refreshing when you meet it. Mrs. Martineau commenced her riding career when very young, and one of her earliest memories is of an Arab mare named Jinny, and a terrier named Pincher, who hated black gaiters so much that he invariably bit the Bishop if he got a fair chance at him. Her earliest introduction to fox-hunting was under the auspices of the late Sir Watkin Wynn and Charles Payne, his huntsman, and after that she ranged far and wide over the Shires and Provinces of England and in Ireland, with the varying fortunes and adventures usually attendant upon that sort of thing as so many of us know. However what fun it is, smashes and all, good and bad horses, fine hunts and rotten ones, and how young it does keep some of us! One of Mrs. Martineau's worst falls when, of course, she ought to have been killed, was with the Pytchley, when she took on a little cock fence, not knowing that the Hilmorton Brook and a big drop was on the other side. And this was not the worst of it, for as she was lying badly concussed on the ground the mare, Miladi, deliberately tried to murder her by lashing out. She would undoubtedly have been killed if a lion-hearted fellow had not crammed over this unjumpable place and beaten the mare off with his whip. "She was sold to the Army after this"—the authoress remarks. She would have deserved a far less honourable future! It was during this time that hounds unfortunately took to killing some of the deer in Shuckborough. They did it twice, and the owner naturally, was very wrath. "Shortly after," writes Mrs. Martineau, "someone who writes under the *nom de*

plume of 'Sabretasch' [it's spelt "Sabretache," I think!], "S" said something to this effect in his paper:

"Out with the Warwickshire Thursday: 'Oh dear, Oh dear, Oh DEAR!'" I expect this is correct; but I'll ask the chap next time I meet him. There are, of course, many good yarns of hunting in Ireland in the times long before "The Throuble" and I like the one of when the authoress was driving to a point-to-point meeting near Fermoy with some Gunners. They had

a team which behaved anyhow. "Don't be nervous Mrs. Martineau," said one of the hosts. "One of the horses has been in harness before!" They jibbed and acted as they shouldn't every little while, and everybody had to get out and turn the wheels, but eventually they got there safely, but the point-to-point meeting ended up with a fight "wid the shticks." No one got hurt as they were magnificent parriers with their bits of black-thorn. As usual, however, on such occasions, there was the devil's own noise.



"THE MUMMERS"—THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY D.S. IN "AT MRS. BEAM'S"

The cast in the recent production by the C.U.D.S. of C. K. Munro's amusing little play at the Central Hall, Cambridge. The names in this group are: Left to right, back row—Mr. A. W. Fitz Ancker, Miss J. P. Charles, Mr. F. R. Trott, Mr. J. B. Muriel, Miss N. M. Howard, Mr. T. P. Hoare, Mr. W. L. Lloyd, Mr. E. P. Wiltshire, and Miss R. T. Clark; seated—Miss S. P. Hankey, Mr. E. Chitty, Miss E. A. C. Mitchell (Vice-President), Mr. Gilbert Hare (producer), Mr. A. Cooke (President), Miss E. J. Burnham, and Miss P. M. Traill

On the way home the team pretty nearly took charge, and the coachman's (Major Stebbing's) hands were so numbed that he dropped the reins, and even then they came to no harm. My felicitations upon a most charming little book.

A little story which I forgot to tell you about the Distressful Country seems to fit in here. A native in the wilds of Connemara had to go over with a horse to England, and his destination was Chester. He produced his box for labelling to the local station-master, porter, signalman, and restaurant attendant, who rummaged through his collection of labels, and then, after sweating blood at not finding it, said: "Chester, ye said? Begor, there's no such a place in the world, but here's wan like ut, and if I do be cuttin' the 'Man' off ut mebbe it'll do."

"Flash Alf" has kindly come to my aid in the matter of answering a question put by a correspondent about equine diseases and writes:

Since you have appealed to me, I think your list fairly exhaustive, but there is one disease you omit to which many of the horses I get to ride nowadays are prone—Lying! (a) On one like a blanket; (b) Over one; (c) In an attitude of supplication usually on the road home with the sequel of subsequent sadly scarified skin commonly and chiefly connected with the cuticle of the carpus and consequent concertina-ing of the cadi (Cockney colloquialism for cap or topper) if not concussion of the caput.

(Continued on p. xviii)



"SCOTT" v. "SHARKEY"

Or it may be a reincarnation of Tunney and Dempsey. Anyway two good (and well) plucked-uns who mean business and have no purse to win



Peter North

[N this new 'out-of-doors' ensemble—with matching dress, coat, beret and bag—the smart utility of tweed is shown to delightful advantage . . . and tweeds this year are intriguingly supple and of infinite variety . . .

Margaret

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CRINOLINES CONVENIENT SOMETIMES

Mrs. Alfred Barton, Miss Betty Taylor, Mrs. Ernest Taylor, and Mr. Hamilton Fulton in one of the tableaux at the Grafton Galleries, of which another picture appears on this page, in aid of St. Nicholas' and St. Martin's Orthopædic Hospital last week. H.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria graciously lent her patronage and was present at the performance

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

AN employer spent a great deal of money to ensure that his employees should work under the very best conditions, and he consequently expected a great output of work. One day he called a meeting of the men and told them exactly how much he had spent on the improvements to the works, and hoped they were all satisfied. "Further," he stated, "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his duty, and therefore I invite you to place any further suggestions in a box provided for this purpose in the foreman's office."

A week later the box was presented to the employer, who opened it and took out a slip of paper on which was written: "Don't wear rubber soles."

AJew had bought a new house and was proudly showing a friend round. In the hall stood a fire-extinguisher.

"Where did you get that from?" asked the friend.

"The insurance company brought it," replied the house-owner.

"Oh! What's inside it?"

"Vell," said the Jew with a wink, "I do not know vot vos in it, but I know vot is in it now—petrol!"

An Aberdonian's wife had gone to Glasgow for the week-end, and during the afternoon the newsboys in Union Street were heard shouting "Disaster to Aberdeen train. Many killed and injured!" Her husband met a friend who knew she was on this train.

"Have you seen the early edition of the paper, Jock?" he asked. "Ye ken that Jean was on that train?"

"There's nae, hurry, man," replied the husband; "I'll wait for the late extra and get the footba' results as well."

A commercial traveller, who was obliged to be away from home for long periods at a time, saw very little of his little daughter, aged four, and returning home one morning very early he stayed in the sitting-room reading a morning paper before the family got up. Presently his little daughter came in. She looked at her father for a considerable time, and then shouted: "Mamma, mamma, come here quick. That man is here again."

One of two rival chapels in a village had just got a new and very smart organ. A member of the other congregation met the caretaker leaving the chapel one day. "Ah reckon tha's gotten a organ," he said. "All tha needs now is a monkey."

"Aye," said the caretaker, "and all tha needs is a organ."

The seven ages of woman are:

The baby.
The little girl.
The schoolgirl.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.

A cowboy had been commissioned to meet a young lady at a distant station and bring her into a backwood settlement. In due course he arrived, but alone. "Whar's the gal?" he was asked. "Wal, you see," he replied, "we hadn't come fur when she sprained her foot, so she couldn't go no furdur." "An' what did you do?" "What did I do?" said the man, who had always had to deal with horses, "why I jest shot her!"



Photographs by Marion Lewis

COLONEL AND MRS. AUBERON KENNARD, AS THE WIDOW WADMAN AND UNCLE TOBY, IN "TRISTRAM SHANDY"

In the tableau from Sterne's famous novel at the Grafton Galleries on February 26 and 27 in aid of the Robert Browning Settlement and the up-keep of a little cripple child at the St. Nicholas' and St. Martin's Orthopædic Hospital

The schoolmaster was explaining to his class of small boys the nature of vulgar fractions. "If I take a potato, cut it in half, then in quarters, and then in halves again, what shall I have?"

"Chips, sir," was the unexpected response from one small boy.

A passenger had by some mischance fallen overboard, and had been rescued after having been in the water some time. Shortly afterwards the captain came to see how the patient was. "Is he all right?" he asked one of the hands. "Yes, sir," replied the sailor, "except that he seems to have lost his sense of humour."

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

SCRUBBS, Horace Milton. Poet. Known to the Public as "The Australian Shakespeare" and to the C.I.D. as "Canadian Cuthbert." Author of several published, and numerous unpublished verses. Published "Ode to a Local Inn," 1908. "In Praise of Worthington," 1922. "The Worthington Book of English Verse," 1925. *Clubs*: "Times Book." *Favourite Sport*: Free Verse.



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To get teeth clean remove FILM

TEETH are not naturally dull and lustreless. If your teeth lack brilliance and sparkling whiteness — look for film, a dingy coating that covers them.

Run your tongue across your teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-present ever-forming evil in your mouth.

Film is the teeth's great enemy. It absorbs discolorations from food and smoking. It gets into crevices and stays. It clings so stubbornly that ordinary brushing will not remove it. To do this, dentists advise the use of the special film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit, no crude abrasives. Pepsodent removes film by first curdling it, so that it can then be removed easily by light brushing. Teeth grow white and begin to sparkle. They continue to improve for months.

Start this new way today. Get a tube of Pepsodent NOW!

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

The Film-Removing Tooth Paste



"To see if ice
may be melted
by fire from the
hills"

REPORTERS. ^{By} John Gloag.

UNQUESTIONABLY the little yellow girl was enticing, and in a tropic land where morals reach the melting-point she would have proved altogether irresistible to any man except Jim Buchan, the tall, austere young American who held the post of confidential secretary to His Excellency Don Rodrigo Bartolomé Colivella de Zarcillo, President of the easy-going Republic of San Cristobal. Buchan was the only man the President could trust, and the interest of his secretarial duties was occasionally spiced with danger.

As he glanced at the smiling girl who lounged on the bamboo settee in his room he wondered whether she had been sent merely to extract information or to insert a knife. Of course she might represent a genuine expression of Gallotti's service to guests at his hotel. Such antique refinements of the business of inn-keeping were retained with pagan frankness in San Cristobal. Moreover, they appealed to the masterful taste of Julius Gallotti, the Italian proprietor of the biggest hotel in Nanzillo; and Nanzillo had the most rigid standards in the matter of its pleasures. Unlike Sirriago, the port of the Republic, and San Cristobal, the capital, Nanzillo was a place of modern and haphazard growth. Sirriago and San Cristobal had been built by the Spanish colonists late in the seventeenth century, and their Baroque magnificence, unaltered and un-repaired, still retained an out-at-elbows splendour; but Nanzillo, which lay between those old cities, was the ugly child of the silver mines that had drawn hundreds of adventurers to the

country over half-a-century ago. It was also the criminal and revolutionary head-quarters of the Republic, and Gallotti, at the Hôtel Napoli, had exceptional facilities for observing the trend of political thought. The Government paid him to observe, and his reports were regular and, on the whole, satisfactory, until the President suddenly became suspicious of a succession of soothing statements, and ordered Buchan to investigate conditions at Nanzillo and to report confidentially on Gallotti's integrity.

There is an expression, seldom used in San Cristobal, which translated means, "White crown of Penarenda." Penarenda is a mountain, the highest peak in the range that borders the country to the north, and all the year a clown's hat of snow is perched on it. To the natives this snow cap has always stood for the chill of death. Scarcely in living memory had it been said of any man that he wore the "white crown of Penarenda" over his heart, but it was the only thing to say about Buchan. He was temperate; he was unbribable, and therefore almost unbelievable in that land of perpetual siesta where corruption is not only expected but openly tolerated. He was not without pride in his reputation, but its preservation needed a relentless repression of every warm human weakness. He cultivated austerity. It was essential. Every expedition he made on the President's business was embellished with incidents that resembled the more vigorously material side of the temptations of St. Anthony.

(Continued on p. xxx)

79%

more cars
on the road than
in 1924!

Yet in the new Vauxhall, specially designed to contend with modern traffic conditions, you can maintain higher average speeds than ever before . . . safely and in luxurious comfort



CARS EVERYWHERE! Nearly a million and a half of them on the roads today.

Registration figures show that during the last five years the number of cars running on British roads has actually increased by 79 per cent!

Wherever you go — through dense town traffic, along the main highways, even on the country lanes — it is increasingly difficult nowadays to travel quickly yet safely from place to place without continual hold-ups and delays. But it can be done — without the least fuss or worry — in the Vauxhall, which has been *specially designed* to keep up a high average speed for hour after hour

under the crowded road conditions of the present day.

QUICKER STARTING, QUICKER STOPPING!

And it responds to the least pressure on the accelerator so smoothly and powerfully that you may safely take advantage of the slightest opening to slip past slower cars yet always with the knowledge that the famous Vauxhall brakes will every time pull you up unfailingly in an emergency. It holds the road so surely that you may with perfect safety negotiate corners at higher speeds than would be wise in many other cars.

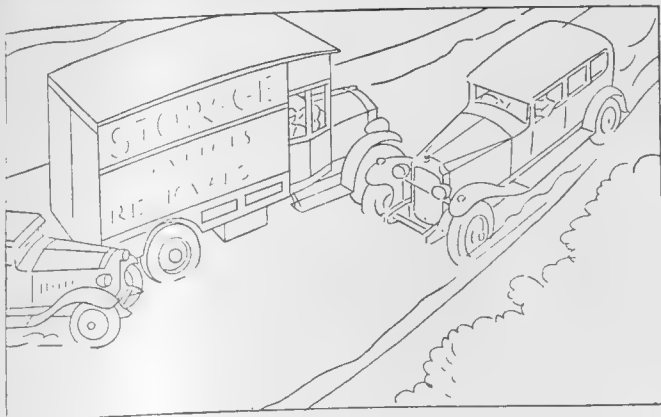


The slightest gap in the traffic and you can be sure of getting through — if your car is a Vauxhall. Actual acceleration tests show that the Vauxhall takes only 15-16 seconds to reach 40 m.p.h. through the gears from a standing start. That is why the Vauxhall saves you minutes in every mile of dense traffic.

That is why the 1930 Vauxhall carries you to your journey's end at a *consistently higher average speed*

Every detail for easy driving and comfortable travel has been studied minutely. Steering wheel, gear-lever, brakes and controls — all placed just where the driver can reach them most easily! Long, soft springs and roomy seats, luxuriously upholstered, making even a long day's run quite unfatiguing for passengers and driver alike!

Whatever you look for in a fine car — whether you choose it for thrilling speed, or for the luxury of travelling in utter comfort, or for moving from place to place with the least possible loss of time, the new Vauxhall completely meets your own particular requirements. When you see the beautiful low lines, luxurious appointments,



An emergency like this shows what Vauxhall brakes can do! Of special design, costing 3 to 4 times as much to make as ordinary brakes, Vauxhall brakes will bring the car to a standstill from 24 miles an hour in just over its own length.

and harmonious colour schemes, exquisitely finished, you will realize that the Vauxhall is a car which among all fine cars you yourself will be proudest to possess.

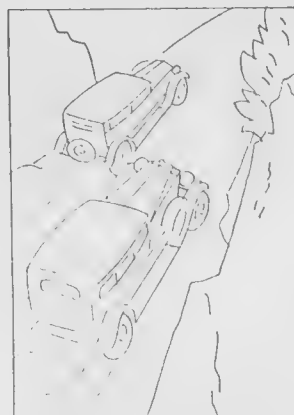
All Vauxhalls are made at Luton, Bedfordshire, by

British workmen from 97% British materials. Prices of the six models range from £495 for the Princeton Tourer to £695 for the Westminster 7-Seater Limousine. The Richmond Saloon costs £530.

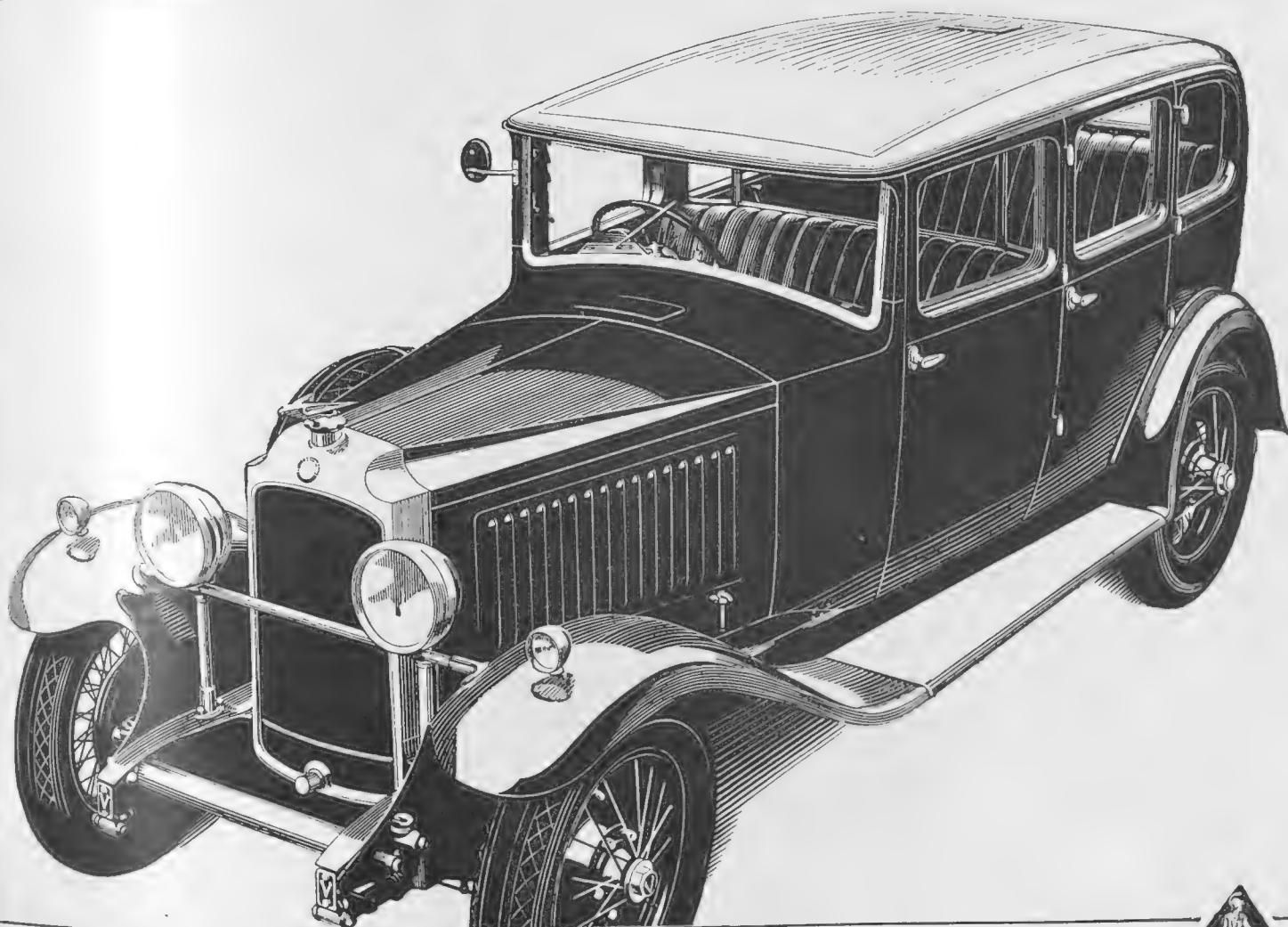
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Give the Vauxhall a thorough trial and judge it for yourself!

Your nearest dealer will gladly lend you one for as long a trial as you want. Or, if you prefer, write for full particulars to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.



A hill like this gives the Vauxhall a chance to show its mettle. Its powerful engine carries you up at 35 miles an hour, and as comfortably as if you were coasting down Piccadilly. It is seldom necessary to changedown on a short hill, and on long hills suitable gear ratios give very fast climbing in 3rd gear.



V A U X H A L L

THE WESTMINSTER 7-SEATER LIMOUSINE, £695





Making for the first tee: Miss Warrener and Count A. Adorni at Cagnes-sur-Mer, near Nice, a popular Riviera course

HAVE you ever heard of three people living under one roof each having done a hole in one within eight months of each other? Perhaps one might also say "certainly not," but this is quite a true and faithful history. Once upon a time, there was a gentleman called Mr. W. H. Boucher-James. In 1908, he did a hole in one at Strathpeffer. At the same time, his daughter, whom all the world knows now as Mrs. Heriot Glen, began playing golf in a desultory kind of way. In May of last year, Mrs. Glen holed the second at Le Touquet in one, and followed it up in July by a one at the tenth at Wimbledon Park. Whereupon her father, not to be outdone, although he is now seventy-three, proceeded to do the sixth at Wimbledon Park in one. And

NOTA BENE

Entrance forms for the "Eve" Northern Foursomes at Alwoodley and the "Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes at Sunningdale are to be found in the March "Britannia and Eve." Enter now

then Mr. Heriot Glen feeling a bit perhaps outshadowed by his wife and father-in-law, achieved one of his own a few days ago at the tenth at Wimbledon Park. So there you are, and if that is not a remarkable story, may we please be told one that is.

The Kent Foursome had any amount of excitements in the third and fourth rounds, which were played at Barnehurst, and by the time this page is in print, either Mrs. Marsham Townsend and Miss Robinson or Miss Moberley and

Eve at Golf : By ELEANOR E. HELME

Mrs. Theed must have won the final. It was Mrs. Marsham Townsend's side who achieved a very doughty deed in the morning at Barnehurst by beating Miss S. Adams and Miss Edna Johnson, who were looked on as a distinctly hot couple. There was a great 3 at the last hole which settled the matter. Mrs. Berner and Mrs. Beame beat Miss Alston and Mrs. Cave 3 and 1, whilst Miss Moberly and Mrs. Theed beat Miss Fry and Mrs. Richardson 3 and 2. The remaining doughty deedeers were Miss Crosbie Hill and Mrs. Graham, who put out that powerful mother and daughter couple, the Parnalls, at the 19th. In the semi-finals, Mrs. Marsham Townsend's side were receiving three strokes and won 2 up. Miss Crosbie Hill's side was getting the same amount, and when they were dorny 2 looked distinctly safe. But they lost those two, could only halve the 19th, and were beaten at the 20th.

International golf is the talk of the moment and one begins to hear most encouraging accounts of money coming in for the L.G.U.'s fund, the interest on which is to send teams to the Dominions and America. The Dunlop Company, for instance, have given £100, and there are rumours of the same wonderful amount from one of the men's clubs in a district which according to the delegate at the L.U.G. meeting would not be able to support the fund at all. The more one thinks of it the more one realises that it really is an urgent matter for the good name of British sport that we should send teams abroad, and that clubs all over the kingdom should really make an

effort to raise the necessary money. One cannot somehow believe that golfers in the distressed areas mean to give up playing themselves (in fact entries for open



Miss Evelyn Low (left) and Miss Sheila Hern, two promising young Surrey golfers. They were opponents in the recent County Trial

events in those areas tell a very different story), and if they can afford to play at all they can surely find half-a-crown apiece for the sake of the country. It is absolutely no argument for anybody to say that their club has no chance of sending a player to any International side. There is such a thing as public spirit.

Miss Gourlay is busy with arrangements for a match against some of the Americans who are coming over to this year's championship, and Mr. Pearson, the father of the 1927 Open Championship runner-up, is most generously promising to entertain the teams to dinner and dance at the Savoy. It is good news that Mrs. Williams, the present reigning champion of South Africa, is coming over here and is meaning, in fact, to make her home in this country. She will be here in time to play at Ranelagh and in the championship. She must not, of course, be confused with Mrs. Guy Williams, the ex-champion of New Zealand, who was such a welcome guest here in 1923.

There are some very interesting entries already for the Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes at Camberley. One of the strongest couples so far seem to have been entered by Sunningdale who are depending on Mr. R. H. de Montmorency and Mrs. Fleming, whom the world still thinks of as Miss Clayton. Ireland will have one pair at any rate in, for the Island Malahide have Mrs. King and Commander Jackson to fight for them.



Miss Yolande Faraday, who is engaged to Sir Basil Eddis, flying away from the English Championship at Broadstone. Owing to a photographer's error a photograph which purported to be Miss Faraday, but was actually Miss Skinner, was published in last week's issue. We apologise to both ladies for the mistake

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

*A client sends us
this true story from Bombay*

"Dear Sirs . . . While in Bombay, I struck up an acquaintance with a prominent British resident, and one evening I solemnly produced my necklace of *Ciro Pearls*, saying I had just brought them from Persia, and as I was short of cash did he think I would be able to realise a little on them. He pointed out that as I was a sea-faring man the moneylenders probably would have no dealings with me, but offered to take them himself. He went off with them and returned in about half an hour and handed me 800 rupees, saying he could have got much more. Thinking the joke had gone far enough I explained that they were *Ciro*



Pearls. Whereupon he grew furious and dashed off to recover them, as it would have been damaging to his prestige had it been discovered they were not real, and he was so angry at being deceived that we parted bad friends."

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BERLIN: 106 Leipzigerstrasse



THE KAYE DON "SILVER BULLET"

After months of careful construction and tuning, the "Silver Bullet," in which Kaye Don is to attempt the world's land speed record at Daytona next month, began its public career last week, when it was exhibited at Wolverhampton

Tour de Force.

THE world's land-speed record-breaking season is about to open shortly, and it goes without saying that Britons, good and true, will wish Kaye Don, the Sunbeam Motor Car Company, Mr. Louis Coatalen, and all associated with the "Silver Bullet," all possible success. They are certainly to be congratulated upon having produced a most magnificent machine, well ahead in technical interest of anything that has been done before, and of a calculated potentiality in knots that makes me all the more thankful that it is not my job to drive such monsters. I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I confess that looking at this wonderful sort of racing vehicle, I begin somewhat to lose interest in it so far as its aspect as an automobile is concerned. It is in every detail so remote and detached from the car of commerce that it is hard to establish a relationship between the two, and harder still to perceive how the lesson of 240 m.p.h. or more is going to be usefully applied to the outfit that is very rarely called upon to travel at more than a quarter that pace. I cannot help feeling that when the real test comes it is more of the man than of the machine, for there is not a single component of the latter which has not been submitted to a searching inquiry under artificial conditions just as comprehensive and informative as the real conditions. I cannot believe, for example, that a total running time of about half an hour, or less, on a stretch of sand will tell an engine designer any more than he can learn from a run of many times that duration on the test-bed. Whilst I am lost in admiration for "bull-gines" that will develop 4,000 h.p. with the almost incredibly low weight of 2,000 lb. avoirdupois, I cannot but think that their legitimate sphere of activity and utility is the air, which at four miles a minute is a much safer thing than any sea beach. I have heard some of the more enthusiastic record "fans" assert that even if the power plant of these racers is essentially aircraft power plant, the tyres belong to surface transport, and that we ordinary motorists benefit by the supreme test to which tubes and covers are



Hay Wrightson

AND HER GALLANT PILOT

and examined by a critical group of experts. Sir Henry Segrave's world's record of 231 m.p.h. stands at the moment, but Mr. Kaye Don hopes that the "Silver Bullet" will beat it. He left for America last week on February 26

subjected. But I am not prepared to grant that my tyres have yielded a measurably greater mileage because they were manufactured after Sir Henry Segrave had smashed previous speed records to smithereens. Nor do I see any reason why they should do so, for the ultimate racing cover is a very different thing from that with which my humble cars are shod. But do not, if you please, run away with the idea that I am opposed to the racing test. What I like to see is the kind of tyre I can buy for myself figuring in an event in which cars that not too distantly resemble the sort of car that I can buy for myself have, for several hours on

end, to flick round the turns and corners of the ordinary 'ard, 'igh road. Nevertheless there is—it cannot be denied—something very thrilling indeed about the *Silver Bullet*, the embodiment of all that is advanced in British engineering endeavour. If test-benches of various kinds would serve the same scientific object, it has to be admitted that they would utterly lack that element of vicarious excitement and anxiety that finds a ready response in almost every human heart. So I suppose this endeavour will go on indefinitely—it may even turn out to

be quite a useful little British industry when our East-Coast Daytona is *fait accompli*—and by and by no doubt it will be found that the chief difficulty is not so much the designing and building of the cars but finding new and original names for them. Meanwhile is it not curious that in these affairs there are certain arbitrary, even critical speeds to be aimed at. When Percy Lambert drove his Talbot over "A Hundred Miles" in one hour he did something very much bigger than if he had only covered 99'9. Then the next big step was "120," for that is twice sixty; the next "150"; and then the jump to "200," that being twice one hundred, as you may have noticed. Then comes "240," closely followed by "250," with manifestly close relationship to earlier figures. Multiples of six and multiples of ten combine very happily in "300," and as the next jump beyond that will mean another 60 m.p.h., we may, I imagine regard the triple century as the limit for a considerable time to



COBHAM—BEAUTIFUL EVEN IN WINTER

A Buick car in a typical Surrey lane near Cobham, which, as most motorists at any rate know, is one of the show beauty spots in the whole county

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

(Continued on p. xiv)



ABRIDGED SPECIFICATION

Untarnishable Chromium plating to bright parts.

Triplex Safety Glass to all windows and windscreen.

Wire Wheels.

Bumpers front and rear.

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Real leather upholstery and walnut cappings.

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Four wide doors with glass weather shields.

Concealed illumination of instrument board.

Pile carpets, roof lamp, ash trays, driving mirror.

Luggage grid and spare wheel.

Head-lamps dip and switch.

Two-tone Cellulose finish in a wide choice of colours.

Tax £16.

Luxury Motoring for £275

Here indeed is a wonderful car for the money! The new SINGER "SIX" Saloon priced at £275 complete. Easter is nearly here—but you can get your SINGER "SIX" in time for an Easter tour, and when you take the wheel, and feel the thrilling response, you will realise that you are master of a car that will give you many years of delightful motoring.

We invite you to study the Specification and see how much more you get for your money when you buy a SINGER "SIX." Saloon £275. Other Models from £240. All Models carry our full Guarantee for ONE YEAR.

SINGER Dealers throughout the country will be pleased to give you a Demonstration. Please write for the "SIX" Catalogue to: SINGER & COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY. LONDON SHOWROOMS: STRATTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1 (opposite the Green Park).



SINGER

SIX

H.P.

From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

Langton meet on Thursday. With the points-to-points at hand several qualifying aspirants were out on view. Masters of hounds from other packs were also with us, and a very brilliant cavalcade moved off to Sheepthorns. Did the gentleman in pink omit to take the coat-hanger out? A good forty minutes from the Holt to Gaulby, returning through Tamboro to Noseley gave everyone a rousing gallop. Flasks of all sizes were in requisition at the end, and the halt was thankfully received by those who devour sandwiches and change horses.

From the Heythrop

After ten degrees of frost on Sunday night hounds did not meet on Monday at Dean Cross Roads until 12 o'clock. Considering that conditions were far from ideal, it was a good day's sport. The cold wind seemed to put a lot of horses' backs up, but a racing fifteen minutes over the walls after an outlier soon put them down, and several of their riders too. After the second hunt from Dean Grove we noticed one horse (and rider) looking distinctly wet, and on asking "Where did that one go to, Herbert?" the answer came that he had gone to the bottom of a ditch full of water. Again on Wednesday at Burford we did not meet till 12 o'clock owing to the frozen state of the ground and, as it so happened, the Bradwell Grove Preserves proved a bit of a frost too. Altogether it was a very disappointing day, especially for the Beaufortshire boxers, for whom the result of the contest was a draw in our favour of two guineas each. Friday at Broadwell we had a great hunt over the cream of the Moreton Vale which, however, turned rather sour for some of us when the brook intervened. The steeplechasing world was well represented and came in for its share of the grief that was fairly general. One well-known G.R., conspicuous by his costume, or rather the lack of it, was well in the van until he encountered the wrath of the Colonel, when he was well in the soup instead.

From the York and Ainsty

By the time this appears in print the two fair ladies who have been representing this respectable old hunt in the giddy Midlands will have returned to the bosoms of their families; let us hope they are none the worse for the collisions with other ladies and gents which, we believe, are more usual down there than up here. Thursday (February 20) saw David and the South pack at The Flats (now all let, we understand), but though we found a fox or two in the Holly Cars scent was very bad. The day ended with a hunt from Wheldrake Wood to Lacey Bottoms

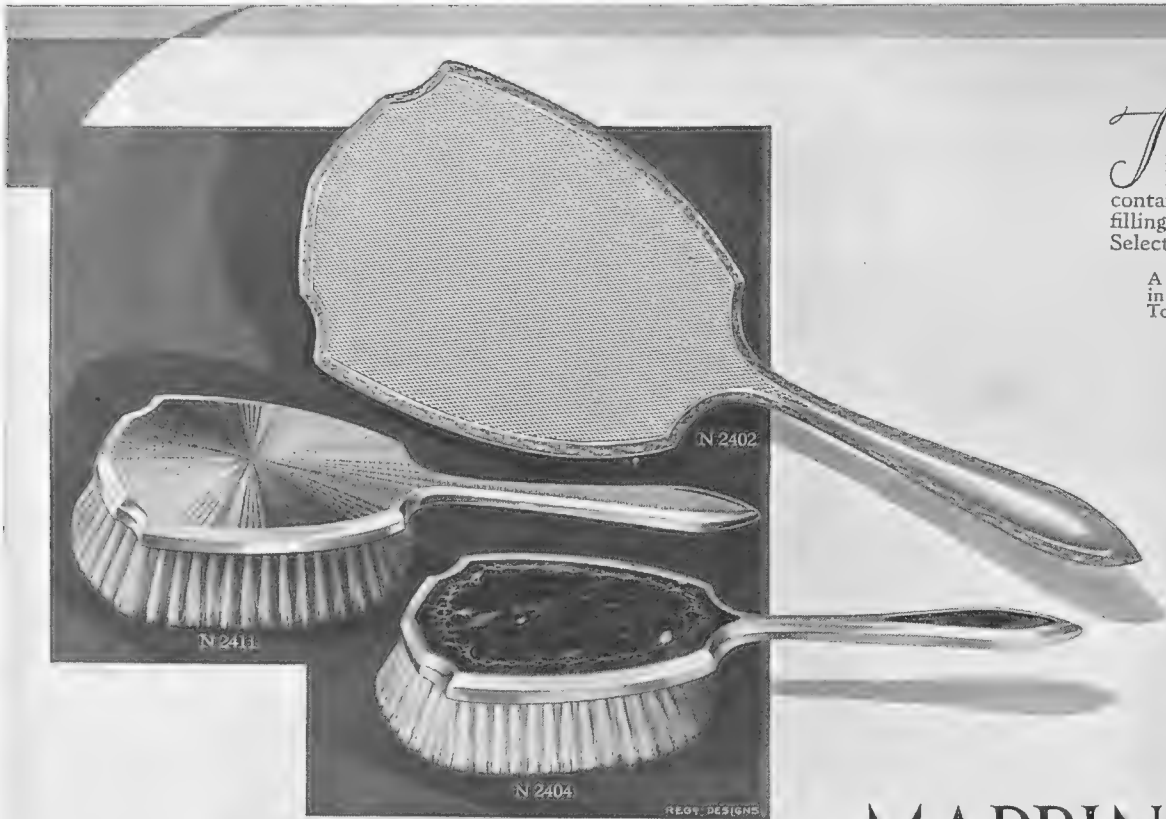
and Crockey Hill, a line we haven't run for some years. At Raskelf, on Saturday, a select field had a chilly wait in the village owing to the train from York being late. No wonder the L. and N.E.R. are only paying 3 per cent. Foxes were found in Alne Forest and Hawkhill, the latter providing a run to Blue Bridge. Not much doing with the North at Ouseburn on Monday. Why didn't the nice young cavalryman help the green lady to mount as well as catch her horse? Sir Ben and Lady Dawson welcomed us at Nun Appleton on Tuesday, and we had a nice hunt from Kennel Wood, followed by another from Steeton. The weather in brown will require a new bowler hat we hear.

From Lincolnshire

A little diversion from the ordinary run of foxhunting is good at times. Distinction was lent to the Brocklesby doings from Stallingborough Station on February 22, not only by reason of a wonderful hound hunt of four hours twelve minutes, during which the pack traversed 27½ miles of country, but also on account of the remarkable vagaries of their fox. In the course of his flight "Charles" led the pack down to the River Humber, and entered Immingham Dockyard. He was expected every moment to commit *felo-de-se*, for he dodged about over umpteen railways, and was once actually seen under a slowly-moving goods train. It was a wonderfully exciting time, but he eventually got away by shifting the responsibility on to another of his kin. The wiles of a Burton fox on their Corringham day were even more exciting, for he climbed on to the roof of a suburban residence at Gainsborough at least 40 ft. from the ground. Eventually, descending from his lofty perch, he paid a hurried visit to the cemetery, and finding no "open earth" there, returned to his former hiding-place and in similar fashion reached the top of the next house.

From the Blackmore Vale

Hunting has been stopped three days recently by frost, but after waiting at Lydford till 12:30 p.m., we had one of the best hunts in the Vale. Finding in Wheathill, hounds ran very fast round Fodding-ton Hill to Ilchesters, almost to Sparkford Wood, into Wearyall, on to Ilchesters, and then away across a lovely line by Nightingale's Copse, into Babcary Thorns, where they left their fox. "Will hounds hunt to-day?" was the question all the morning of the Bishop's Candlemeet, and at least one authority took his telephone receiver off for an hour—for a sharp frost and a bitter wind made hunting look doubtful, but in spite of the unpropitious weather conditions hounds moved off. Scent was good, and hounds ran well all day round Stock and Pulham.



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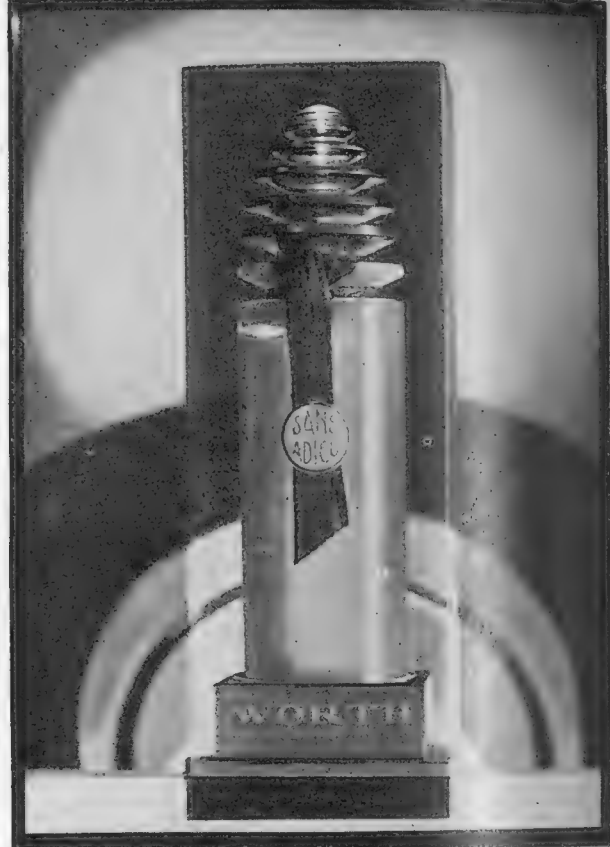
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SPRING FASHION SECTION,



Photograph by Blake Studios

A great change is coming over the silhouette, and no longer is it necessary to ask where is the waist-line. Important features are the longer skirt, the bow at the back, and the perfect hip-yoke, which is composed of many pieces invisibly united. To Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., must be given the credit of the lovely wedding-dress portrayed. It is of ivory and silver tissue with the modish shadow bloom. The veil, which is of net, is reinforced with a silver lace and orange-blossom coronet



The tweed overcoat is 11 gns and dress
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Tweed hat to match coat 45/-

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



The hat of the moment is the epitome of smartness. This model from Woolland Brothers' is carried out in taffeta reinforced with a cluster of flowers

Fashion as it Flies.

IT is not the aim of this portfolio of fashion to describe in words the newest ideas in the world of dress, but rather by photographs and sketches to show that the spring modes created in Paris and sojourning in London are altogether charming. It will be seen that the length of the skirts which the



Satin, artistically draped, has been employed for the veritable triumph of the milliner's art on the left, while taffeta makes the Woolland model on the right with its modish veil



Linen lines the brim and trims the crown of this blue felt hat from Woolland Brothers'. The brim is cleverly endowed with graceful undulations

smartness; it is of satin, and is draped over the ears with the cunning of an artist's hand. The last of the quartette is of black taffeta, the brim lined with pink.

Simple Tennis Frocks.

There is something particularly attractive about the tennis frocks at Wm. Coulson and Sons', 105, New Bond Street, as

vary according to the occasions on dresses will be worn; for sports wear they remain about the same, for country wear they are a little longer, for morning wear in town about 3 or 4 in. below the knees, for afternoon wear an inch or two longer, while for the evening they just clear the ground. Naturally the height of the wearer is taken into consideration. It will be seen that with the modified Empire corsage the waist-line must be emphasized.

New Notes in Hats.

Never has there been so much variety in headgear; witnesses to this fact are the quartette of Parisian modes illustrated on this page; they may be seen in the salons of Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge. The hat on the left, of which two views are given, is carried out in brown taffeta with beige under-brim; it is slit up at the back and finished with a cluster of flowers. The novel alliance of linen and felt is present in the *chef d'œuvre* on the right; the brim shades the eyes, nevertheless it does not interfere with the vision of the wearer. The cap-hat below represents the acme of

they are as practical as they are simple. To this firm must be given the credit of the one pictured on the left; it is of white crêpe de chine stitched with blue to match the cardigan. There are many variations on this theme from 6½ guineas; furthermore there is a splendid array of linen and voile dresses.

"In and Out of Town."

There is no doubt whatsoever about it that Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street, W., does understand the art of dressing well; she declares that every detail must be considered, otherwise the effect of the *tout ensemble* is ruined. Portrayed on the right of this page is a delightful suit for "in or out of town"; the skirt and cardigan are of a wool fabric that has made its début this season; the colour is considerably lighter than navy but much darker than sapphire. The abbreviated blouse is of blue and white foulard, which also makes the tie-scarf. The hat matches the suit; as hats are created for individual clients, not only do they fit perfectly but they suit the prospective wearer. Naturally this outfit could be carried out in other colour schemes and material. For the Grand National there are leather and tweed coats with handsome fur collars.



Every detail has been considered in this blue suit from Margaret Barry's, 64, New Bond Street, W. The blouse is of foulard and the hat matches the suit



A simple tennis frock in white crêpe de chine in conjunction with a blue cardigan is seen above. They come from Wm. Coulson and Sons', 105, New Bond Street, W.

DECORATIVE REST SUITS
HAVE RUSHED TO
EXTREMES IN THE WIDTH
OF THE TROUSERS



The change in the silhouette has naturally affected the decorative rest suit. The model above may be studied at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W.; it is carried out in pale-pink satin beauté. The trouser portion is box-pleated and is reinforced with a hip yoke which fastens at the sides. The jumper, arranged with a slight "fall-over," has a panel coat and a lace jabot. The suit on the right comes from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W.; it is of lily-of-the-valley-leaf green crêpe de chine and is enriched with embroidered motifs. The trousers are quite narrow, are drawn in at the ankles, and are finished with neat bows, the scheme being completed with a pink broché wrap trimmed with marabout



Photographs by Blake Studios

THE SHORT COAT
SCORES A TRIUMPH
IN ALLIANCE WITH
THE LONG FROCK



Model, Harrods

Frocks become longer as coats become shorter; indeed it is almost impossible to wear a long evening wrap with a dress that just touches or clears the ground by a fraction of an inch. From the house of Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., comes the coat illustrated above; it is of blue velvet embossed with silver; the high flattering collar is edged with fur to tone with the fabricating medium; there are graceful wing draperies at the back. The dress that the wrap conceals is a copy of a Patou model and is of blue georgette. The corsage is slightly bloused above the hip-line, which is perfectly moulded. Two draped scarves give a cowl effect to the back of the corsage. Many of Fashion's interesting features are mirrored in the dress on the left, which may be seen in the Inexpensive Dress Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. It is expressed in pale rose-pink georgette; it is also available in other modish shades. There is the raised waist-line emphasised with a narrow belt, which suggests a Grecian corsage, and a miniature cape falls from the shoulders; as will be seen the material is moulded over the hips

Photographs by Blake Studios

Model, Marshall and Snelgrove





Model, Rowe

Every schoolboy will desire to possess this golf outfit from the well-known outfitter, Rowe, 106, Bond Street, W. It is an exact replica of those worn by men whose handicap is in single figures. The plus-fours and coat are made of tweed, while the knitted pull-over is of wool with stockings to match; the garter flashes tone with the suit

YOUTHFUL SPRING FASHIONS



Model, Gooch

There are some charming salons at Gooch's, Knightsbridge, S.W., which are entirely devoted to the needs of the young folk. Ever so fascinating is the ensemble pictured. It is of tweed, or, if preferred, hopsac may be substituted, while the jumper and cardigan are of wool jersey. Cats and dogs form a frieze on the former. The hat, which sets firmly on the head, is of cloth; it is as light as it is comfortable

This simple frock is carried out in printed duro and comes from the Treasure Cot Company, 103, Oxford Street, W. The colours that are on the leaves in the autumn are seen in happy unison; the collar and cuffs are of white embroidery

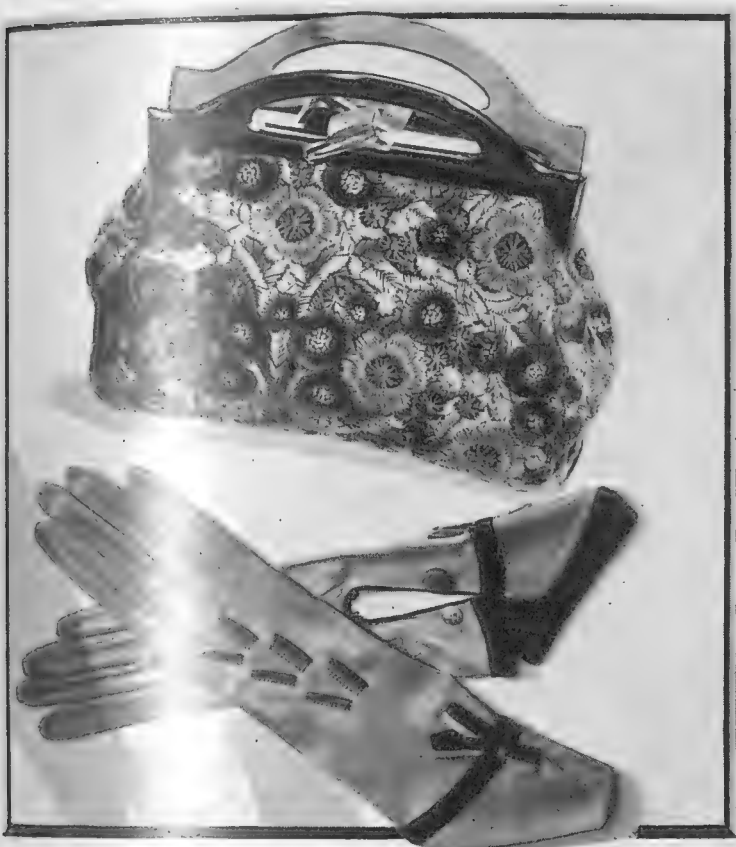


Model, Treasure Cot Company

Photographs by Blake Studios



OUTDOOR SPRING FASHIONS.



Paris is trimming gloves, therefore Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., have decorated the pink beige ones pictured with black. Many shades of brown and beige are present in the embro'ered chenille bag with its perfectly practical handle



Gay colours will be seen on the links this spring. The novel alliance of green and orange is being warmly applauded. It is seen in this wool bérêt and scarf from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street



These bar shoes of reptile skin with Louis heels are noteworthy on account of the markings. They are very souple and perfectly cut. They come from Gorrings' in the Buckingham Palace Road, and so do the black suède Court shoes on the left

Photographs by Blake Studios



Models, Henry Heath

Photograph by Blake Studios

THE EVER-VARYING BRIM

Hats for the spring are developed in a variety of shapes and materials; those for which Henry Heath, 109, Oxford Street, W., is responsible flatter the face whatever its age. That new straw known by the name of Panamalaque has been used for the model on the left (top); it is relieved with satin. This hat needs careful adjustment, and so does the model on the extreme right. Panamalaque softened with crinoline makes the last-mentioned model. The hat (centre top) is of stitched shantung, and the one below is of linen; they are both available in a variety of colours. There are many points of interest about the hat of which a back view is given. The tweed is reversible, the crown is quartered, and the brim is turned up



Models—Madame Barri, Swan and Edgar, Walpole

Photographs by Blake Studios

FROCKS MARK THE HOURS

The most interesting and certainly the most discussed point about Fashion to-day is the length of the skirt, the dresses portrayed show that the length varies in accordance with the occasions when the dress will be worn, for Fashion is in a very sensible mood this season. The evening chef d'œuvre is a Parisian model and may be seen in Madame Barri's (33, New Bond Street, W.) artistic salons. It is expressed in black marquisette, which bears a strong resemblance to chiffon only it is more diaphanous. The chrysanthemums are of georgette; the shawl scarf is particularly artistic and can be arranged in a variety of ways. The three-piece suit in the centre comes from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W., and shows the accepted length for skirts of suits for out-of-town wear. The coat and skirt are made of a fabric known by the name of flamingo, while the tuck-in shirt is of beige satin. The afternoon dress on the right is rather longer; it comes from Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., and is carried out in brown and yellow crêpe de chine piped with green, the collar and cuffs being of écreu lace.

A "TATLER" FASHION

An Original Design by Gordon Conway

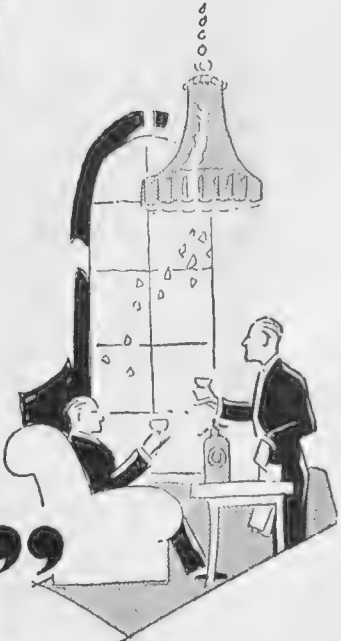


A lovely evening gown carried out in white satin. It is arranged with a bolero and tunic; the latter is mounted on a yoke. The skirt just clears the ground

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FOR IN AND

OUT OF TOWN



Some of the new hats from Paris have veils, especially those which have no brims; they come to the tip of the nose but stand well away from it. At the top of the page is seen a Hermance model; it is carried out in black Baku straw and trimmed with pale blue starched linen; this treatment gives it an attractive glaze. It may be seen at D. H. Evans and Co.'s, Oxford Street, W., and so may the georgette model below; it is also of Baku and is draped with crinoline lace; a point of interest is the tucks across the crown. Another model expressed in Baku was enriched with stitched yellow, white, and black linen, the motifs being arranged to suggest flight. A modified picture-hat is of natural-coloured Balli-buntal. There is a bandeau in front, while the brim is turned up at the back and covered with black satin.

Photographs by Blake Studios



A fashionable two-piece suit from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W. It is carried out in a fabric that is not quite a frisca, neither is it a hopsac, but a happy mingling of the best qualities in both. The skirt is arranged with pleats on a yoke surmounted with a belt which shows that the waist-line has really ascended. New notes are also struck by the jabot and collar. The short cape at the back of the coat and the pockets label it Spring, 1930.



The evening dress declines to stand alone; it needs the support of a coatee. The distinctive ensemble above may be seen in the salons of Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. The dress as well as the coat is carried out in metal lace which looks like burnished gold mounted on tissue; the latter is trimmed with fur. A telling touch of colour is introduced by the velvet loop and pendant ends caught with a crystal ornament. The new, clever waist-line is present.



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Pictures in the Fire—continued.

Lieut.-Colonel F. B. Lane writes to me from Rewa, Central India, saying that he was much interested in a note regarding the breeding of Carclew, several times winner of the Kadir Cup. Being personally acquainted with Miss Parrott, the daughter of the late General Parrott, and knowing that she had in her possession all the records and notes left by her father after the closing down of the Karnal Stud Farm, Colonel Lane sent her the two cuttings from THE TATLER. I quote below certain extracts from her reply which may be of interest to my readers:—

Many thanks for the cuttings out of THE TATLER which you kindly sent. I was very interested about Carclew being related to my father's mare, Argentine, who had eight foals, some of which did very well on the turf, and as Colonel F. C. Stratton, A.V.D., seems to want some more information about the horse, I note from my father's book: Argentine had one filly, foaled February, 1886, sire Egotist, which was sold as a two-year-old to Lord William Beresford, and another filly foaled June, 1889, sire Egotist. This one was sold when the stud was broken up, and probably went to Probynabad, and was very likely the Silver Cream mentioned, but was not named when at Karnal. I don't know if this information will be of any use, but whoever it is in the paper says, "Supposed to have been foaled 1880(?), probably earlier than 1880, (bought 1883 as a brood mare)."

I have my father's books with the pedigrees of all the horses he bred, also all his letters on horse-breeding. It was a great satisfaction for him to hear, when Lord Arthur Cecil came out to give his expert advice on horse-breeding many years after the Government studs were abolished,

that he considered from what he had seen of the stock reared by General Parrott and the letters he had written on the subject, that he knew more about horse-breeding than anyone else who had been in the Department (then), and he would have begged the Government to ask him to re-establish studs in India.



WITH THE COTTESMORE
Mrs. James Montagu and her children, Michael, Robin, and Anne,
and the Duke of Marlborough, on the day the Cottesmore met at
Langham last week

Enclosed in the above letter was a slip showing the breeding of Argentine and the eight foals referred to, and I put it out—

ARGENTINE

Foaled April, 1876, sire, Young Quiver, T.B.E.; dam by Tadworth, T.B.E.; dam by Blunt Arab.

Ch. filly, B.P., 94	-	Foaled May, 1881
(Sire, Manchester, T.B.E.)		
Ch. colt, B.P., 121	-	May, 1882
(Sire, Thunder, T.B.E.)		
Bay colt, B.P., 140	-	April, 1883
(Sire, Manchester)		
Bay colt, B.P., 162	-	April, 1884
(Sire, Canvas, T.B.E.)		
Bay filly, B.P., 192	-	February
(Sire, EGOTIST, T.B.E.)		
Bay filly, B.P., 217	-	February
(Sire, Grendon, T.B.E.)		
Bay colt, B.P., 249	-	February
(Sire, Grendon)		
Bay filly, B.P., 282	-	June, 1883
(Sire, EGOTIST)		

No. 94, Engadine, won fourteen races one walk over, Calcutta, etc., etc.
No. 121, Greased Lightning, won Stakes, Sonapur, 1885.
No. 140, Republican, won Martin Stakes, Calcutta, 1887, also Belvedere Stakes.
No. 162, Mainsail, sold to Maharajah Jodhpur.
No. 192, sold to Lord William Beresford.
No. 282, probably the one named Silver Cream.

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THE OXFORD CREW, 1930

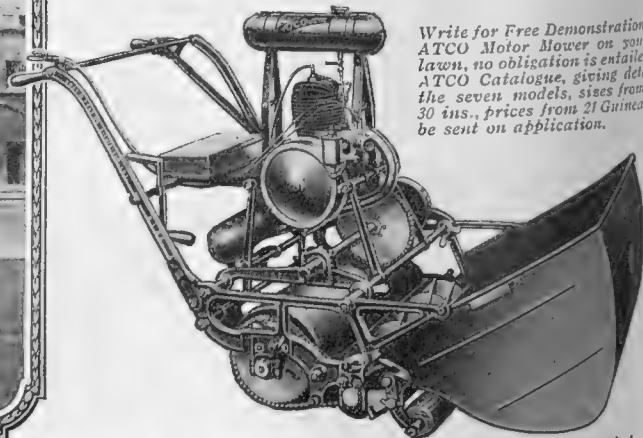
R. S. C.

The most recent picture of this year's Dark Blue crew with their present coach, Major A. F. R. Wiggins, who took over from Dr. P. C. Mallam, who did all the preliminary work. The names, left to right, are: Back row—C. M. Johnston (Shrewsbury and Brasenose), M. J. Waterhouse (Eton and Balliol), N. K. Hutton (Fettes and University), R. V. Low (Winchester and University), H. A. C. Durbridge (Malvern and University), the cox; front row—L. Clive (Eton and Christ Church), Major A. F. R. Wiggins, coach, D. E. Tinne (Eton and University), president, C. F. Martineau (Harrow and University), the stroke, L. C. R. Balding (Radley and Brasenose)



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MOTOR MOWERS
used at
Christ Church Oxford
Since 1926

When turf perfection is of primary importance, the ATCO Motor Mower is indispensable, as the most famous lawns throughout the country prove. But the ATCO combines efficiency with economy and here is the reason of its wide popularity amongst private users.

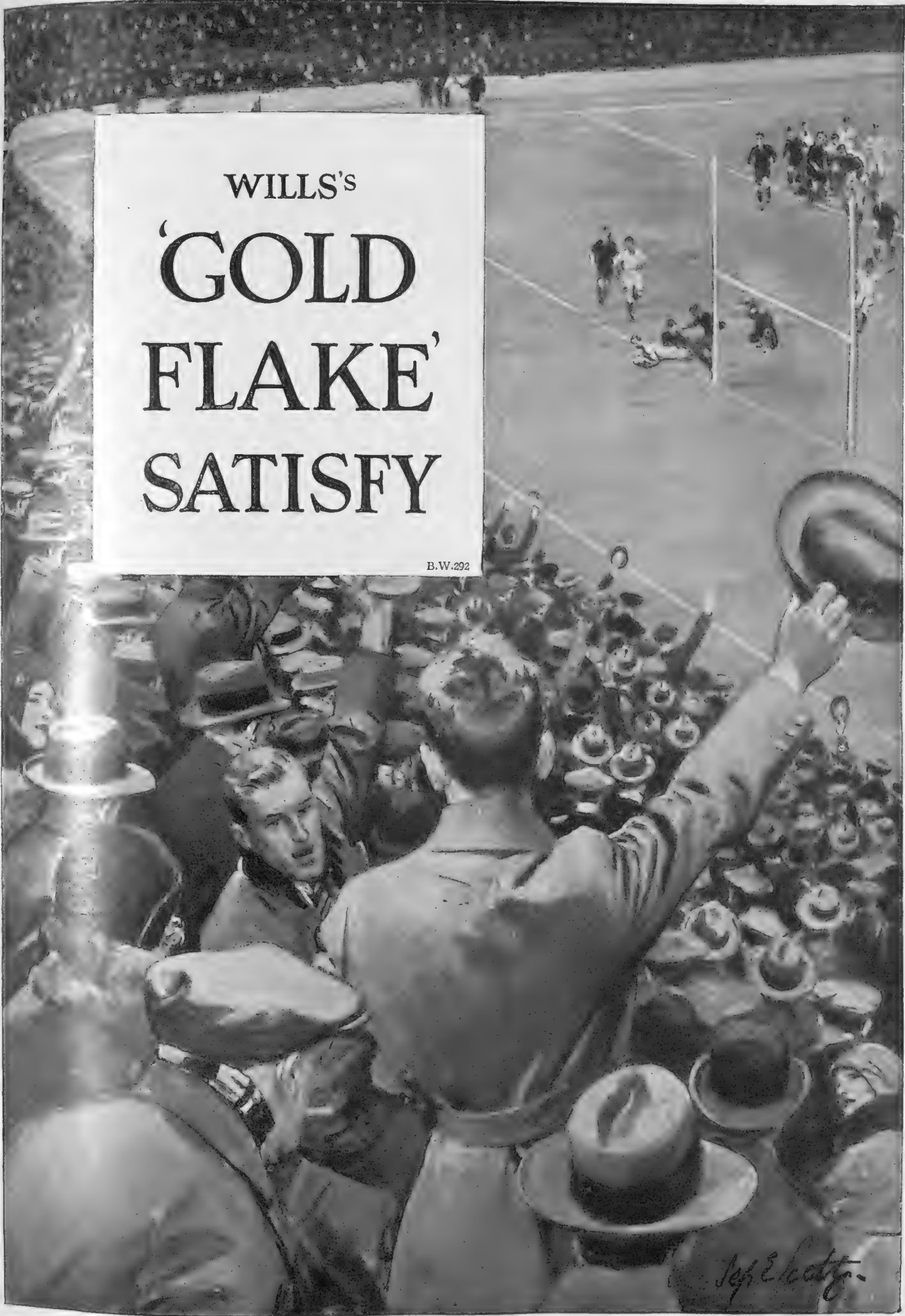


Write for Free Demonstration of the ATCO Motor Mower on your own lawn, no obligation is entailed. The ATCO Catalogue, giving details of the seven models, sizes from 12 to 30 ins., prices from 21 Guineas, will be sent on application.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., 12 TILTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.

WILLS'S
'GOLD
FLAKE'
SATISFY

B.W.292



CAR CAMEOS

THE 20-70-H.P. FIAT

In view of the fact that Fiat is easily the biggest car-producing organisation in the Old World, anything that emanates from the Turin factory, with the miniature Brooklands on its roof and the mountain roads hard by for testing purposes, is of more than usual interest. The latest model to be brought out is the 20-70-h.p. 6-cylinder. This, in its complete five-seater saloon form (selling at £525). I recently had an opportunity of submitting to a road trial.

I think it is an exceedingly good all-round car, with a general performance that will endear it to a host of owners, especially those who look after their cars on their own account, and to whom the design of the vehicle has been particularly dedicated. And it must be freely conceded that it represents excellent value for money.

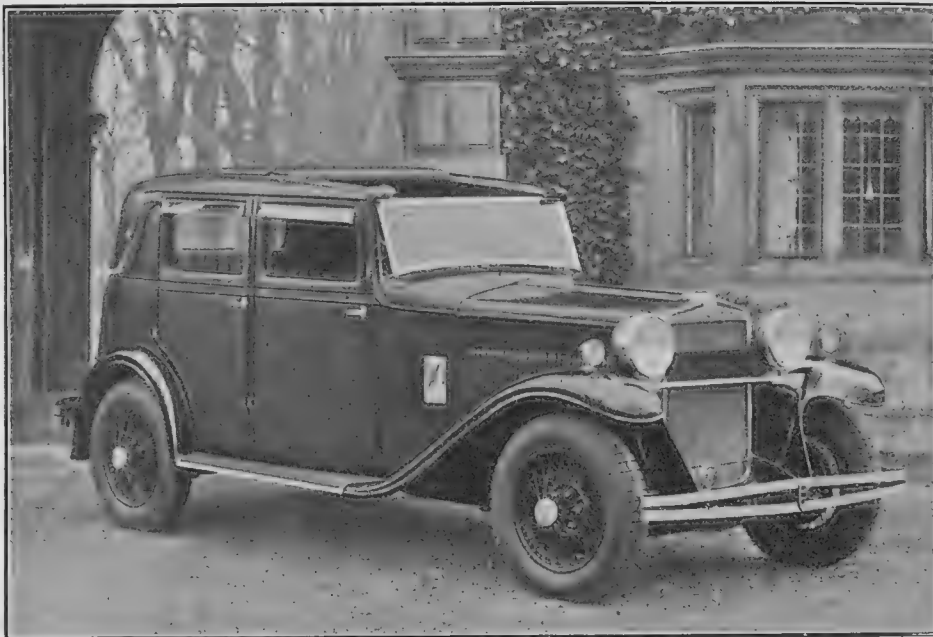
Mind you, one expects to get something pretty healthy from a 25-h.p.-rated engine with a capacity of $3\frac{3}{4}$ litres, even though it has side-by-side valves, and one is not disappointed. I am told this 20-70 will do eighty. Personally I got an easy seventy—against the stop-watch—and it is probable that there was more to come. This aspect of the Fiat's manners interested me less than the acceleration on top. Here there is no fault to be found at all. The "get-away" is vigorous and bland, and it is clear to me that an unusual

output of power is available at the lower revolutions just where it is most wanted. Moreover, the braking is unexceptionable.

There are very few cars better sprung than this, if any. I took it over roads with which I am familiar to satiety, and upon which I know almost every bump. The Fiat rolled them out exquisitely, so that one of my passengers, the owner of quite a fleet of cars, was loud in its praise. Because the car is meant to be a fast averager it is built low to the ground, and the manner in which it behaves when yanked brutally round quick bends is really unexceptionable. Not only is it comfortable within sides, but outwardly it is eminently presentable. The lines of the body please the eye, the double-colour scheme also, and the detail work is above reproach.

From the technical point of view I could only find two faults. One was that the power plant was distinctly noisy at anything over 45 m.p.h., this noise being of the mechanical order that would likely enough, largely disappear with use. The other was that the screen-wiper was of the suction-operated kind, and worked very irregularly, whereby my speed in the rain which I encountered was reduced to a mere crawl.

Finally, and I say this without the smallest intention of disparaging the Fiat designers, here is an extraordinary instance of the potency of American influence. Nearly all my friends who saw it thought that it was an American, and I am bound to say that on the road its behaviour was reminiscent of the better transatlantic examples.



THE 20-70 FIAT SPORTSMAN'S SALOON

Apart from its luxurious English body-work this car is remarkable for its super-compression cylinder head and dual carburetter, rendering it capable of 80 miles an hour

not XL...

but CASTROL

XL



When you ask for "XL" you expect to be given the famous CASTROL XL. But you are risking being given a cheap, inferior Oil. Moreover, you are charged at Castrol prices.

To protect yourself against this menace, you have only to emphasise CASTROL XL. It's well worth your while to take this slight extra care.

BUY CASTROL BY NAME.

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"and above all George
beware of those
Quick Starting Shells!"



Stuarts

Petrol Vapour—cont.

come. Oh, but I forgot! The French and the Italians and the Germans have also got their classical speed figures though in different units. Well, well, p'raps they won't compete.

* * *

Continental Travel.

I am sure there must be literally thousands of British motorists who would just love to have a tour on the Continent if it were not for the trouble and the expense of getting the car across the Channel. This expense is (in my view) unduly heavy, and the trouble for the most part totally unnecessary . . . but there it is. These items figure prominently in the general outlay unless the tour is to be a longish one and they can consequently be "spread over." To those who have hitherto restricted their touring to the tight little islands—and "See Britain First" is not at all a bad motto—a new enterprise on the part of Daimler Hire, Ltd., will be of singular interest. They have just put into commission a fleet of fifteen-seater Pullman coaches *de luxe*, with sliding roofs and with 6-cylinder 100-h.p. engines (which give them, I understand, a very respectable gait), to say nothing of canteens and lavatories, and these will run on routes radiating pretty well all over the great touring grounds of France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and the Central European States. The Grand Tour, which covers almost all the show places of the Continent, takes fifty-five days. Having regard to the fact that everything is done for the tourist, even to the provision of a standardised suit-case that becomes his own property, and that accommodation is given at only the very best hotels, the prices quoted



MISS ROSEMARY COHEN AT THE "UNITED STATES" PARTY

Some more pictures of this party held last week by the Bright Young appear on another page. Miss "Joe" Carstairs, the well-known motor-boat racer, and Miss Ruth Baldwin were the leading spirits, and the entertainment, thanks to the efforts of all hands, was a big success

are distinctly moderate. How things do change to be sure. It is only a few years since that we were in the age of the "sharry-bang," a noisy, bumpy, and generally detestable outfit. Now we have the coach that offers a higher standard of speed and comfort than is to be found in anything but the best of touring cars. I foresee that this Continental luxury travel proposition is going to go stronger than ever, and I don't mind saying that one of these days, when I can get a bit of time to spare, I am going to patronise it myself.

* * *

Very Special Juice.

The owner of the hyper, super, ultra, or otherwise intensively-described sports model, whether using two wheels or four, is now in a position to get all the fun out of it without suffering from any of its usual disadvantages. For in "Racing Shell," an entirely new spirit of secret composition, they have now a fuel that eliminates any tendency to "knock" even in engines of abnormal high compression and fitted with super-chargers. It is needless to say that this new stuff—which is put up in red cans with a flash of conventional lightning painted on the flanks—in no way takes the place of ordinary Shell, than which the engine of abnormally reasonably high compression wants nothing better. Nor will you, if your car is of the hotted-up sort, need to use "Racing Shell" neat. You find out by experiment what proportion of it gives, when mixed with ordinary Shell, the required results, and thereafter act accordingly. According to the locality, the new spirit comes at from 2s. 1½d. to 2s. 3½d. per gallon. It is stated that it in no way affects ease of starting or rapidity of acceleration. I am looking forward to an extended trial of it.



The 20 h.p. Special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught Enclosed Landauette. £895 complete Car, including self-changing 4-speed gearbox.

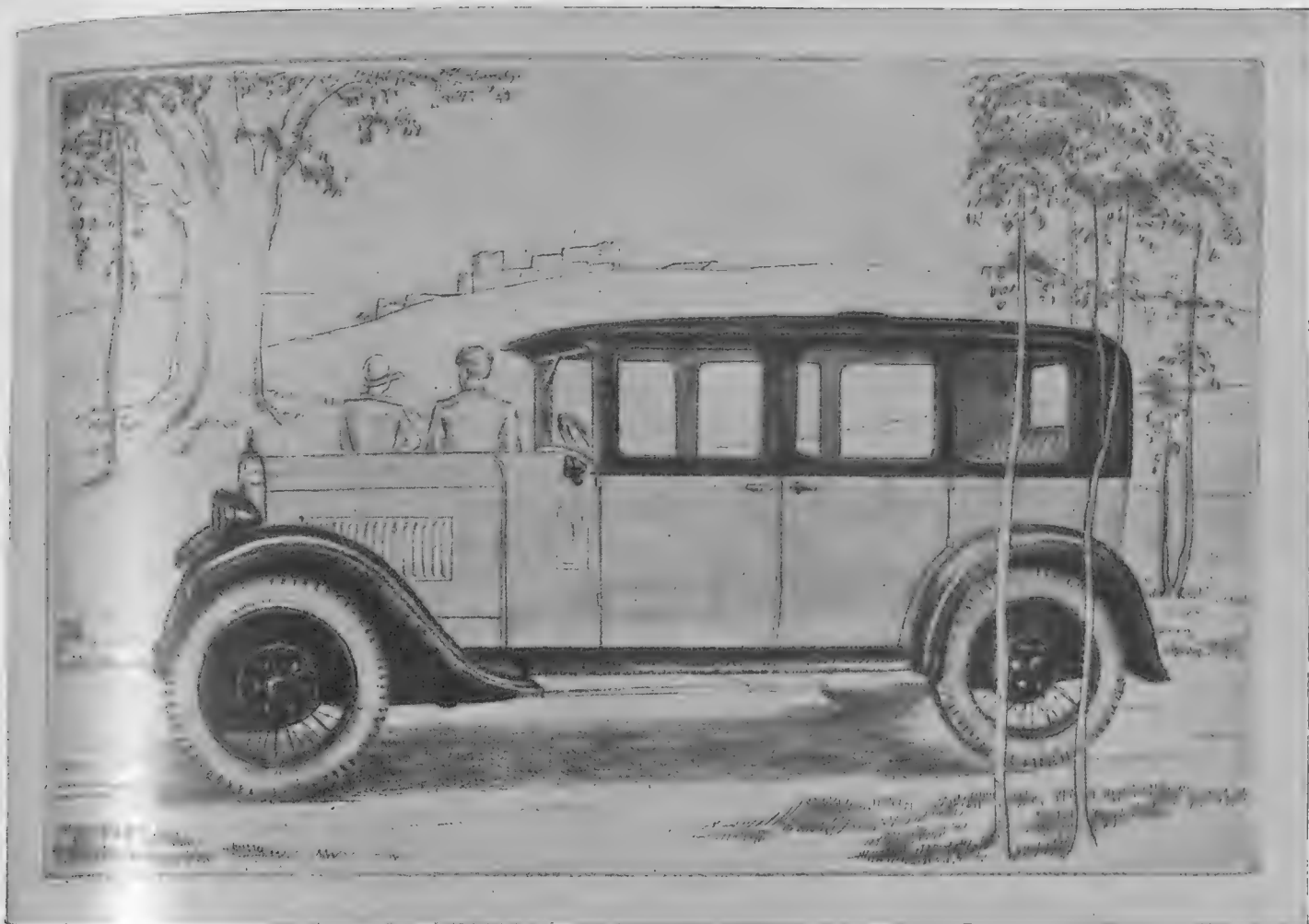
What a wise choice of car this is, this 20 h.p. special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught enclosed landauette. A car of sound and sensible qualities, suitable for all occasions, whether for touring work or use in congested city traffic. Within, seating accommodation provides for two persons on the enclosed driving

seat, three on the main back seat, and two more on occasional seats which fold neatly away out of sight into the division behind the driver. This comfortable and distinguished car may be had for the truly moderate price of £895, including self-changing four-speed gearbox. *Special enclosed limousine at similar prices.*

CONNAUGHT FOR ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

34-36 Davies Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Telephone Mayfair 5048. 



From a dry-point by Ian MacKinnon.

ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF SUPER SIX-CYLINDER PERFORMANCE—WITH AUSTIN'S STANDARD OF DEPENDABILITY

The "Sixteen" Burnham
Saloon (as illustrated)

£375

Clifton 5-Seater - £305
Two-Seater - £310
Fabric Saloon - £365
Sportsman's Saloon £375

Sliding Sunshine Roof on
closed models, £10 extra.

"As dependable as an Austin."



In six-cylinder cars, a high standard of performance is assumed . . . Flexible vibrationless engines, good top-gear work, splendid suspension, comfortable bodies. The Austin "Sixteen" Light Six gives all these qualities of performance and comfort *plus* the Austin standard of dependability.

Here, in the Austin "Sixteen" Burnham Saloon, is a car which, above all, is of supreme appeal to the owner who insists on *trouble-free* motoring—who does not wish to bestow frequent attention on his car.

Dependability of so high an order has never been attained before at so moderate a price. Only sacrifice of quality, thereby detracting from this high standard of dependability, could enable Austin to produce this car at a lesser figure.

Examine this car thoroughly. Note the bright, roomy interior—the depth and comfort of the seating and upholstery. Room here for five really full-sized people. Note the completeness and modernity of the equipment. Triplex glass throughout; all external metal parts chromium plated; silentbloc shackles; Dunlop tyres.

Still better . . . drive the car yourself. See your nearest dealer. He will gladly arrange a trial run without obligation. Catalogue on request.

Austin

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.
Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

Motor Notes and News.

Cabled information is to hand that Mr. Clive Crozier of Christchurch, New Zealand, driving a standard tourer Austin Seven, has succeeded in traversing both islands of New Zealand, from Invercargill in the



MISS RENEE MALLORY

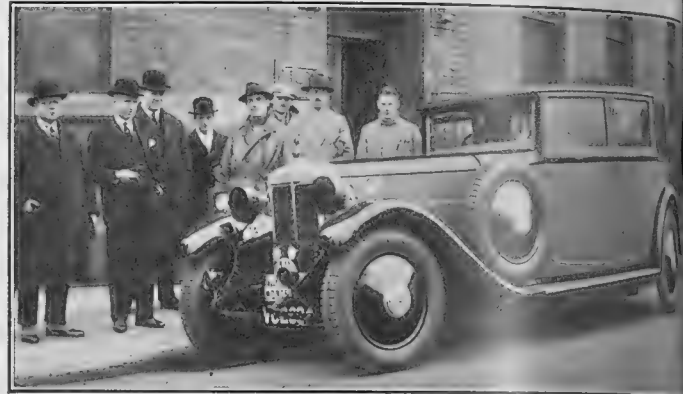
Photographed with a Vauxhall 20-60 Hurlingham sports roadster outside The Old Curiosity Shop in Kingsway. As understudy to Miss Binnie Hale, Miss Renée Mallory took a leading part at a moment's notice during a performance of "Mr. Cinders" at the London Hippodrome.

is the fourth record set up by Austin cars in Australasia since the opening of 1930. The previous performances were—Melbourne to Sydney light car record; Melbourne to Sydney sealed top-gear record; Six-hour record. The latter was put up on the New Zealand "Brooklands," which is an unbanked track, and on which the Seven averaged 60 m.p.h. for the time stated.

The Monte Carlo Rally, the greatest International trial of the year, always provides some wonderful records of endurance and pluck, but the news that has just come through with a later telegram from the

South Island to Auckland in the North, within forty-eight hours. The time includes the sea passage, and only thirty-six hours were actually occupied in driving. The distance is approximately 1,100 miles, so that the "baby" car averaged just over 30 m.p.h., which time is particularly remarkable when it is remembered that about 95 per cent. of the distance is practically roadless. This

Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who this year entered her Hillman Eight, shows what a terrific fight against overwhelming odds the crew have put up. Mrs. Bruce's start this year was from the northerly point—Sundsvall, near Lapland—and the journey to Carlo comprised well over 2,000 miles, which must be accomplished in ninety-three hours, an average of about 25 m.p.h. day and night. Even during the night the car got out of control on a steep hill, 1 in 4, covered with ice. Gathering speed, it dashed down the hill, bounding against from one side to the other, finally leaping the side of the road and falling on to rocks and trees below. In the forest, with the nearest town two and a half miles away, they found two wheels broken; axle-shaft and steering cross member bent—in fact it meant practically rebuilding the car. Fortunately the crew were not seriously hurt, although badly shaken, but the engine remained intact. Luckily a passing car took the crew to Sundsvall, and they managed to secure a repair lorry and men to get Hillman back on the road.



THE 30-H.P. DAIMLER-MAYTHORN DOUBLE-SIX

Which recently returned from the Monte Carlo Rally. The photograph shows the crew with four members of the crew (the fifth joined the car at Manchester) at the moment of departure from the Daimler Works, Coventry, on Wednesday, January 22, for the Grates. The gentleman on the extreme left is the Mayor of Coventry, Mr. Frank Lee, who came to bid "Bon voyage." Next to him is Mr. Ernest of Stratton-Instone, Ltd.



"By jove! Constable, that's one of the new MARMONS!"
 "Doesn't hold up the traffic, sir, does it?" "Well, Eight Cylinder, you know: easily the best Cars to buy these days."
 "Cost a bit, sir." "Not such a lot, some models dearer than others get one for about £400 or £100 down"
 "Good Cars, sir." "Fine! must get one."

PASS and JOYCE Ltd.

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MARMON
 EIGHT CYLINDER CARS

THE LUXURY OF LINCOLN TRAVEL SUGGESTS CONTINENTAL MOTORING



The enduring comfort and swiftness of Lincoln to the far road's end, suggest luxurious holiday trips by motor to the secluded beauty treasures of the British Isles and to the more inaccessible interests of the Continent.

Two facts about Lincoln appeal increasingly to the person on holiday who wishes the intimacy and relaxation of superb motor travel.

First, many men who have hesitated to subject a motor car to the strains of foreign roads have found

the stalwart chassis of the Lincoln equal to all swift goings and comings among half a dozen countries. Roadways that lead only on are but a challenge to this product of modern craftsmanship—so sure and so luxurious that it is owned and used by royal personages in nearly all of the reigning houses of Europe.

Second, wherever the Lincoln, guided by your wish, may carry you, there are, for added assurance, Lincoln Depots—manned by Lincoln

specialists—close at hand. From the standpoint of motoring, Europe may be described as a chain of Lincoln Depots, maintained by the far-reaching Ford organization.

A full range of Lincoln models may be viewed at 16 Albemarle Street, London, S.W.1. Consult us about your tours and let us tell you of the delightful Lincoln travels enjoyed by others. Correspondence is welcomed at Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Co. Ltd., 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

THE LINCOLN

Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Spring Fashions in the Air.

THE spring suitings are upon us. The dictators of fashions are about to root us out of our blue-serge complacency, and to dangle appetising novelties before us. And the aeroplane designer, taking his cue from his spiritual ancestor, the tailor, is about to invite us to his exclusive show of this year's models. The aeronautical mode has some startling creations to offer. Generally speaking I observe a tendency towards greater simplicity, the abolition of all extraneous ornament, a lower waist-line, and what has been called the "tadpole profile." The mode demands that its devotees shall break away from tradition and set out on completely novel lines. Twin-engines and monoplanes will definitely be worn this season. Bert Hinkler et Cie are showing a twin-engined ensemble which strikes a note of ultra-modern smartness. Two other houses are also presenting machines skilfully exploiting the twin-engine *motif*. Seriously, there are signs that the private owner has had enough of machines which show too blatantly their War-time origin, which resemble those people who tell interminable stories beginning: "I remember in 1916 on the Somme." There is a healthy restlessness about light aeroplane design at the moment which suggests that we may soon have aircraft that embody all those features which have been found by post-War experience to be of value to the private owner.

There are many advantages to be found, for instance, in the fitting of two low-powered engines in place of one medium-powered engine. A twin-engined lay-out permits of a central cabin giving its occupants a good view and keeping them away from engine-vibration and engine noise. There is also the possibility of arranging the seats side by side without spoiling the view. Increased safety is to be found in the twin-engined machine in a forced landing, because it is rare for both engines to fail at once, and one of them can give assistance to the

pilot in reaching a suitable field. In the matter of safety there are wing slots, or in the new officially approved nomenclature, "auto-control slots," and there are also inter-connected auto-lift slots and flaps. The combination gives the nearest approach to absolute safety that has yet been attained. It is to be hoped that the Handley-Page-Guggenheim machine, which embodies this safety combination, will be put upon the market.

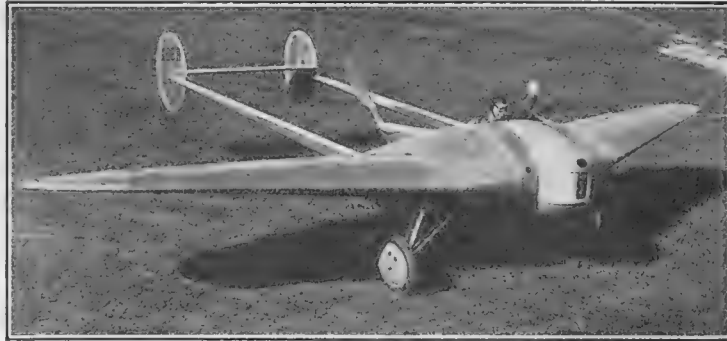
An Air Yacht.

One of the most remarkable among the larger aircraft designed for the private owner is the Supermarine Monoplane air-yacht that has been built for the Hon. A. E. Guinness. This is the first flying-yacht to be built in this country to the order of a private owner. The engines are three Siddeley Jaguars neatly mounted and fitted with the Townsend ring. No better choice of engine could have been made, for the Jaguar has lately affirmed its reputation for reliability and trustworthiness. There is accommodation for six passengers and a crew of three with some 600 lb. of baggage. An open cockpit is provided for the passengers, so that they will not, like most air passengers, be deprived of fresh air. The owner's accommodation is furnished on the lines of an ordinary yacht. The saloon and cabins are provided with sideboards, dressing tables, bookcases, and wardrobes.

Electric light is fitted and a ventilating system supplying warm or cold air at will. Quarters are provided forward for the crew with sleeping-berths and lockers. The wireless installation allows for transmitting and receiving when the machine is in flight or on the water. When at anchor the stabilisers or stub-floats projecting from the hull can be used as a deck, and a tender can come alongside them.

Coming Events.

It seems likely, according to the present arrangements, that the coming season will be almost as full of interest as the last one, although it will be interest of a different kind. The King's Cup race will be a one-day race with the shortest course that has ever been used except for one occasion. The total distance will be 750 miles.

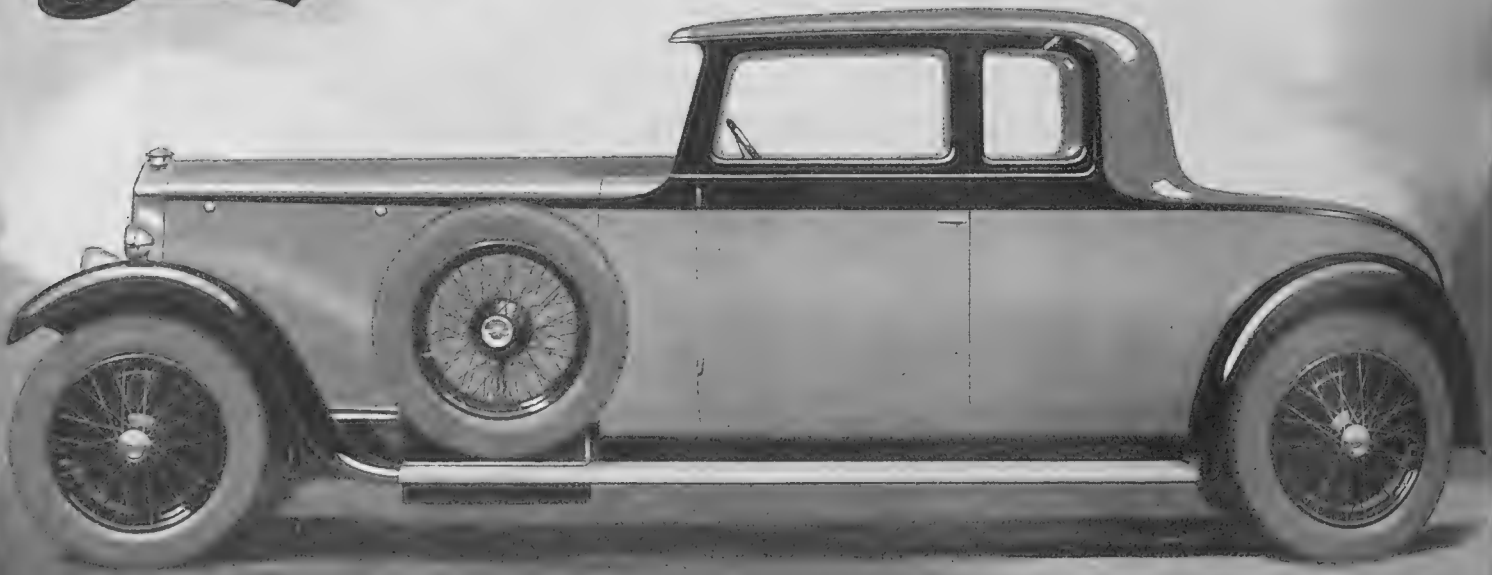


AMERICA'S LATEST FLYING WING

The new "flying wing" designed by John K. Northrop, the first 'plane to have passed the tests successfully, consisting of only a wing and tail assembly without the use of a fuselage. It is said to have proved 25 to 50 per cent. more efficient than 'planes of the usual design. The wing-spread is 30 ft., length 20 ft., motor 70 h.p.

Lanchester

The Best of the Straight Eights



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THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

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SAYS
"Livelier
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the true
solution"

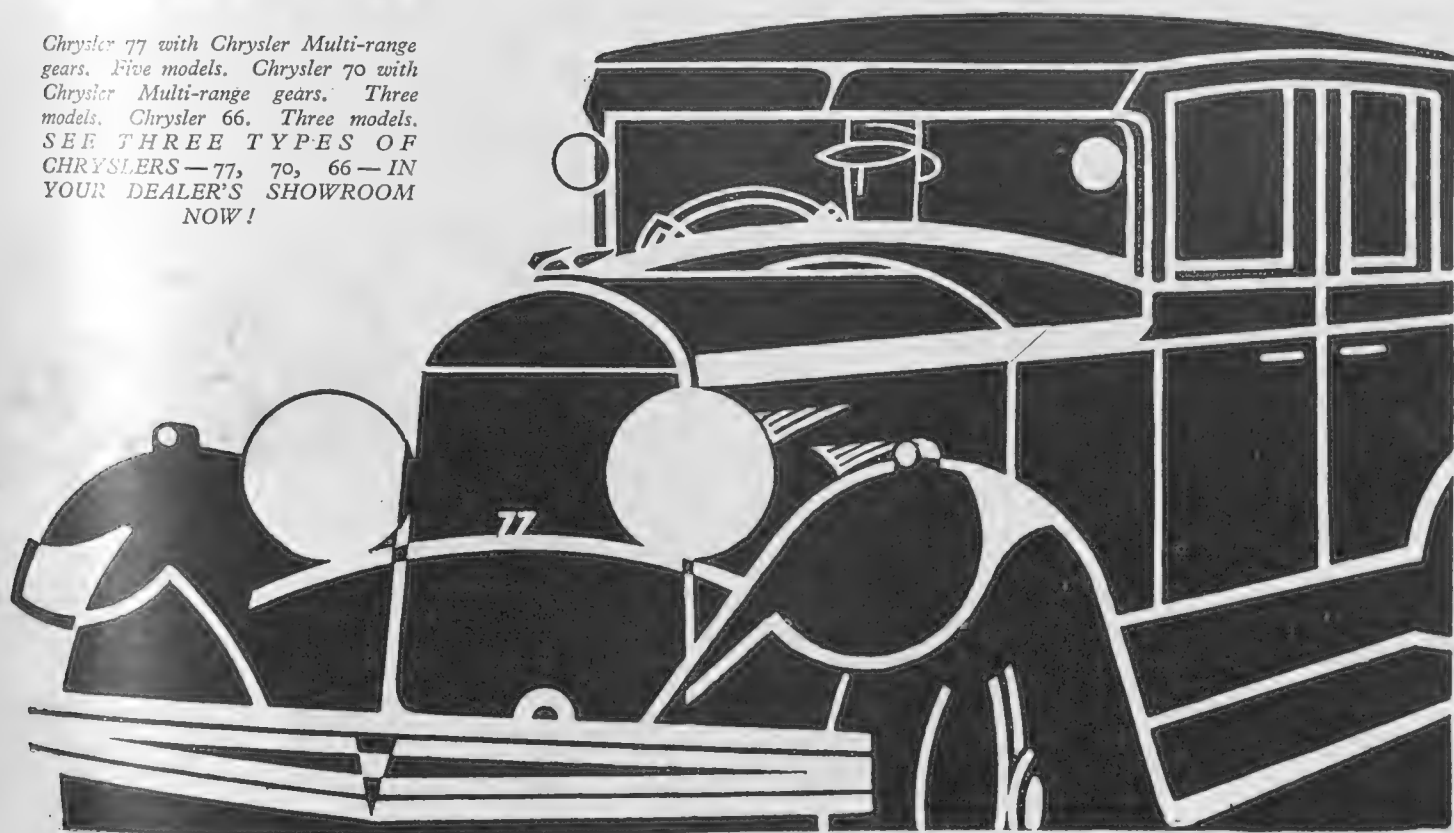
To glide at walking pace in top gear where the crowd is thickest. To change—without noise or pause or effort to the wonderful silent accelerating gear of the new Chrysler multi-range gear box—and to flash away like a meteor the moment you see the way clear ahead.

Great six cylinder engines, seven bearing crankshafts, down-draught carburettors, mechanical fuel feed—silent, eager, unfaltering power.

To check the headlong rush, instantly, inevitably, without skidding or sliding even on wet and slippery surfaces—Chrysler brakes, hydraulic, self-equalising, internal-expanding.

Can you wonder that so many people say: "Even through thick traffic a Chrysler owner travels in comfort and peace of mind—arriving on time at his journey's end."

Chrysler 77 with Chrysler Multi-range gears. Five models. Chrysler 70 with Chrysler Multi-range gears. Three models. Chrysler 66. Three models. SEE THREE TYPES OF CHRYSLERS—77, 70, 66—IN YOUR DEALER'S SHOWROOM NOW!



CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS LTD. MORTLAKE ROAD, KEW GARDENS, SURREY,

Reporters—continued.

The little yellow girl was the first incident of this particular expedition. It had been an exhausting day. Nanzillo lay on the edge of the Xcalie desert, and the hot breath of that place filled the streets. He had listened to a lot of smooth talk from Gallotti and had met many prominent citizens who were eager to voice their exaggerated satisfaction with and loyalty to the most excellent Government of His Excellency the President. After this spate of courteous insincerities it was almost a relief to come face to face with a bribe and to measure its significance.

The bribe had walked into his room just as he was on the point of going to bed. He knew better than to hustle her out again, so he gave her greeting in Spanish that softened his rather metallic voice, saying that while he was enchanted at the delight of her presence he felt that unquestionably she had in mind some other caballero and that the sameness of the doors and the unreadable state of the numbers thereon doubtless accounted for her error. Her reply was to sit on the bamboo settee and to laugh very softly.

Buchan shrugged his shoulders and took stock of her. She was small and golden-skinned with curling jet hair growing low on her forehead. Her eyes were wholly Indian;

there was nothing remotely European about their expression; her painted mouth was tiny, and the black cigar she smoked seemed disproportionately large.

Time means very little in San Cristobal; speed mars no pleasure, and there is a becoming reluctance in getting to the point of any matter. However galling it might be to a Middle West temperament, burnished by New York and inflamed with the creed of the go-getter, Buchan learned to match indolence and procrastination with patience. He waited for the girl to speak, and presently she said:

"There is no mistake, señor. I have heard that you wear on your head the white crown of Penarenda, and I have greatly desired to speak with such a stranger."

This was a new and surprisingly direct method of approach. Never before had a decoy admitted knowledge of his identity. With equal directness he said:

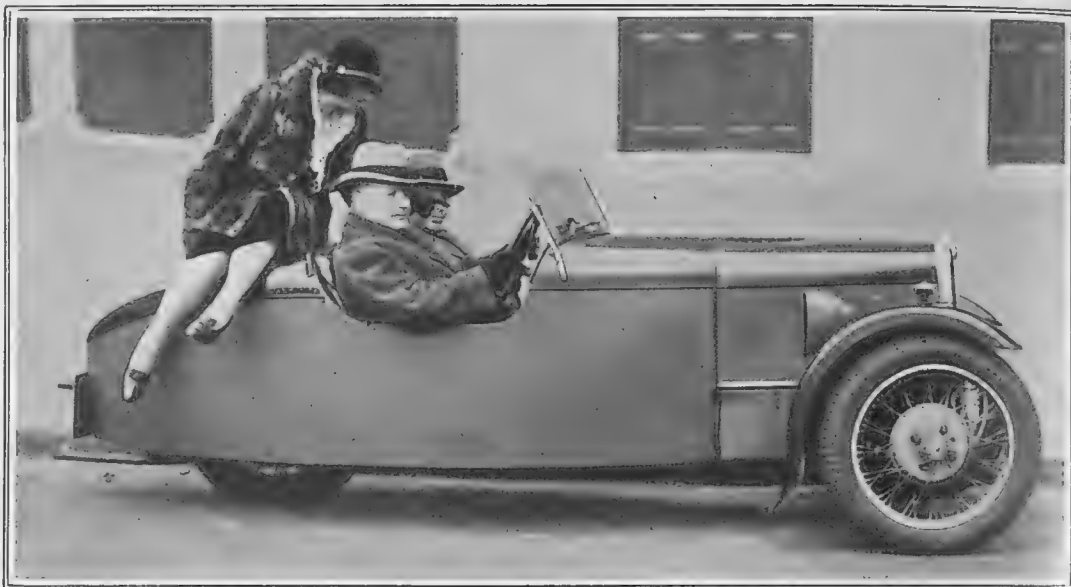
"Señorita, you know who I am, and you wish to know something else. Let us understand each other: what is your purpose?"

"To see if ice can be melted by fire from the hills," she laughed. "I am a hill girl, Señor Buchan."

"Is that all, señorita?"

"Is it not enough? Is it not a new and strange adventure in love?" She paused and then rising from the settee said: Look well, Señor Buchan."

(Continued on p. 11)



OUT OF "THE APPLE CART" INTO A CAR

Mr. Horace Hodges with Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, one of the outstanding characters in "The Apple Cart," with Miss Debenham perilously poised astern. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke is just learning to drive and the car is his three-wheeler

**YOUR CAR
WILL RUN
BETTER
ON
KILG
PLUGS**

"FIT AND FORGET"

For YOU shall have
comfort wherever
you go—



on sea

For cruises or crossings, you will find the Motoluxe Motor Rug wonderfully warming—wonderfully comforting. It gives all the protection of the ordinary fur rug without the fur rug's excessive weight or bulk. Never venture on board without a soft, downy Motoluxe. It's made of pure alpaca in fifteen fur tints.

PRICE
£5:5:0

EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL



Insist on the name and ask for the "Foot muffs that match" — price 39/6 Also for Ladies, Motoluxe Travel Coats from 8/ 8s.

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Daimler



The New Daimler "Twenty-five"

A PRESS OPINION

A remarkable new car . . . definitely progressive. Maximum service . . . minimum attention. Needs less skilful care than any other. Perfectly delightful to drive. Admirable steering . . . wide lock, small turning circle . . . Bumps and holes ironed out . . . Car remains happy when driving fast . . . The smoothest six-cylinder Daimler have built . . . like the proverbial steam engine at slow speeds . . . Absence of vibration when revving fast . . . does not get rough or coarse when "all out" . . . Acceleration on top gear exceedingly rapid . . . 10 to 30 m.p.h. in just under 9 secs. Gear changing reduced to a minimum.

—The Autocar.

AN OWNER'S OPINION

I confirm that after 1,000 miles running the engine and transmission are very quiet and vibrationless, the whole car a sound engineering job.

The 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours run down was over wet roads, part of the time during heavy rain.

So far, the highest speed attained is 75 m.p.h. at which speed the engine ran sweetly and easily, with a complete absence of "fuss."

The steering at any speed is miraculously light and as North Cornwall is a county of hills and winding roads, the easy steering, lightning acceleration and smooth braking make driving a pleasure.—Ref. No. 1050.



ARTHUR MULLINER BODY ON DAIMLER CHASSIS—A COMBINATION OF TWO PERFECTIONS.

Illustrated is Arthur Mulliner Sports Saloon on Short Wheel Base 25 Daimler.

ARTHUR MULLINER LTD

54, BAKER ST LONDON, W.1

Head Office and Works, Northampton.

Telephone: Mayfair 4081.

THE DAIMLER CO. LTD. COVENTRY

Reporters—continued

and tell me whether I am altogether hideous." She took the half-smoked cigar from her lips and put it carefully on an ash-tray. The gesture that followed was dramatic, and to Buchan excessively disconcerting. He had not suspected that the big black lace shawl was her only garment.

"Hesitation in the presence of beauty is unseemly," she said after a long pause during which Buchan regarded her with an expressionless face; "am I to understand then, señor, that you consider Aminata Henares has no beauty?"

"Señorita Henares," said Buchan, picking up the shawl that she had flung on the settee, "your beauty is a miracle that would disturb all heaven; but it is not for me —"

She twitched the shawl out of his hand, and putting her arms about his neck said:

"Listen, cold one. I seek nothing from you. I am not interested in knowing why you are here. I have wanted you since first I saw you at the Avrinda in Sirriago, where sometimes I dance. Will you refuse that which I have never offered lightly to any man?"

As Buchan was about to speak the door was thrown open and Gallotti strode into the room. Buchan was a tall man, but he was dwarfed by the Italian, who was 6 ft. 4 in., with a huge barrel of a chest covered with tangled black hair which came through his open shirt like horsehair bursting through the covering of some bulky piece of upholstery. His clean-shaven face was as strong and clearly cut as some Roman marble of an emperor. His mane of black hair was streaked with white, but he had the look and manner of a young man.

"Señor Buchan, you will forgive me," he said, "but I was told that this new girl of mine had come to this room. All the beauty of my establishment is at your disposal, Señor Buchan, but this girl is mine, and it grieves me that in this I cannot accommodate so distinguished a guest." To Aminata he added: "Put on that shawl and come with me."

"One moment," Buchan said; "the Señorita Henares —"

"Is my property," snarled Gallotti, and then dropping back to his ordinary smooth tones, he continued: "I will accommodate you otherwise, Señor Buchan."

"You are mistaken," Buchan told him; "I do not wish for the Señorita Henares or any other girl."

Gallotti looked incredulous and said nothing; Aminata looked furious and spat at him.

"Hell!" said Buchan as the door closed behind them. He found himself wishing that Aminata had been less dazzlingly attractive. The

sleepy-looking, slow-moving women of San Cristobal did not appeal to him; but this thing of golden fire from the hills was different.

As he changed into his thin silk pyjamas he heard a woman screaming, and the sound was mingled with the rolling laughter of Gallotti. Everybody knew that the Italian beat his mistresses savagely when he had cause for jealousy, and Buchan realised what was happening to Aminata. It was with an effort that he remained in his room.

Presently the screaming stopped, and he turned out the light and dropped off to sleep.

He was awakened an hour later by a regular tapping at the door. He opened it, having first taken the loaded revolver from under his pillow. Aminata slipped in and hastily shut and relocked it.

"Are you mad?" asked Buchan in dismay.

"With pain and love—yes; oh you who despise me!" said the girl.

"I do not despise you, Aminata," Buchan replied, and was surprised to find himself shedding formalities and calling her Aminata.

"You said so, but even that did not save me from him—look well, ice-heart!"

Again he saw her golden body, and on her back observed a pattern of thin red lines.

"The blasted brute!" he exclaimed; "see here, now, Aminata —"

"I do not speak English, señor," she interrupted, "but I can see your sorrow. He has gone to another one—and, and—it is still in your power to provide compensation."

Buchan nodded.

When daylight crept into the room Buchan woke to find himself alone. He also found that the pocket of his pyjama jacket was neatly cut out and had vanished together with the silk handkerchief it contained.

As he got out of bed he noticed that there were red marks on the sheets, the imprint of a pattern of thin red smears from Aminata's back. They were not smears of dried blood; they flaunted the scarlet of lipstick.

In another room Aminata was ending a tale that disappointed her, but which seemed to amuse Gallotti vastly.

"Here then is the pocket," she said. "There is nothing in it. No does he carry any papers. I only brought this because your orders run thus."

"Excellent, Aminata mia," said the Italian. "I knew there would be no papers, but I wanted the pocket to accompany the confidential report. His Excellency the President requested me to make concerning the trustworthiness of the señor secretary, Buchan, whose virtue he secretly desired me to test."

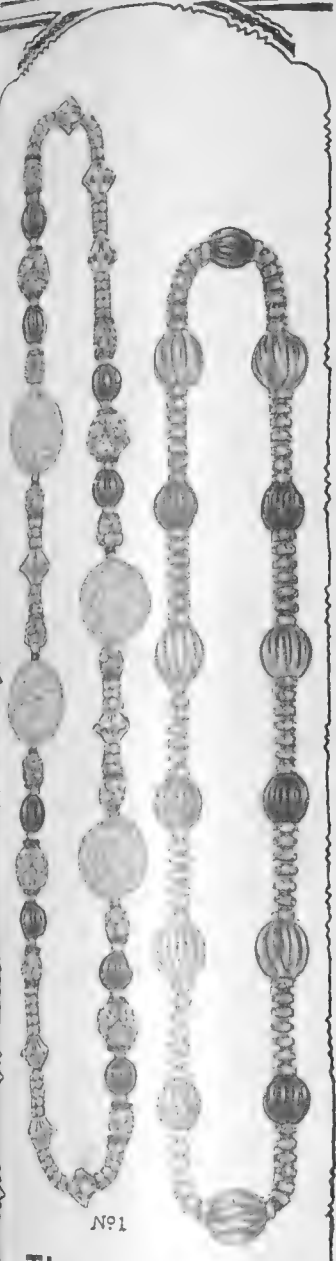
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No. 1

No. 2

The Crackled Ice Effect

No. 1 shows you one of our new flat crystal disc necklaces that has the effect of crackled ice. Discs joined with diamanté boules, rondelles and ruby melon beads 8 gns

No. 2 is a very beautiful melon bead creation in amber and emerald green. Or to any colour scheme you prefer, £6

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FORTNUM & MASON

182 PICCADILLY

TELEPHONE
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A Coachbuilt Saloon for £395 !

Direct descendant of famous racing cars, this brilliant Fiat Six costs less than £400. You would pay much more for its lines and looks alone. Yet how silkily it threads a traffic-crowded street! How it flashes from 10 to 30 on top in 8½ secs., to 50 in 19½. How fascinating to drive!

Sixty-five, sometimes seventy and more on top with the big coachbuilt Saloon body. Fifty on third, thanks to Fiat's "easy change" four-speed gear box. Whatever the speed, always the confidence born of its enormously powerful, smooth, positively actuated four-wheel brakes. And the effortless, silent running ensured by a 7-bearing crankshaft and torsional vibration damper.

Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, Fiat's unique Petrol economiser to give you 10% more mileage, finger-light steering, finger-tip control, doubly adjustable front seat, and deep, yielding upholstery—here indeed is a car to give you years of superlative motoring. Think again of the price—£395 for the big five-seater coachbuilt Saloon, finished in duotone cellulose and chromium plating, completely equipped. Send for Catalogue L.1 and try this fascinating Fiat on the road yourself.

FIAT (England), Ltd., 43/44, Albemarle St., London, W.1

FIAT

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43/44, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.
Please send me illustrated catalogue L.1
on the Fiat 18/55.

Name.....

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Showrooms and Distributors for London Area:
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

With Cruft's over and done with, our thoughts turn to our Open Show, the next of the big two-day shows to be held in London. It is the duty of each member to make every entry she can to our Open Show in order to make it as representative as possible, especially in those breeds which are having certificates for the first time. Olympia is easily the best place for a show in Great Britain, both on account of its size and convenience and also of its extreme accessibility. "All roads lead to Olympia" is stamped on our brains in connection with any of the most varied shows which interest us—Horse Show, Ideal Home, Motor, or even Boxing—so it should be easy for anyone to get there. The date is at the beginning of the "season," before people get jaded, yet after they have arrived; so everyone who has a kennel should take this unique opportunity to advertise it. The schedule goes to print on March 20; will anyone willing to help with guarantees and specials communicate with Mrs. Trelawny before that date.

There will be several new features at the Show. One of the most interesting will be some rather elaborate Obedience Classes for Alsatians on the second day. Anything in connection with the training of animals is always of absorbing interest, and these are sure to draw a number of spectators. It is therefore apposite to give a picture of Miss Piercy Jones' good young bitch, Wanda of Winleigh, taken when she was seventeen months old. Wanda has done well on the bench, and Miss Piercy Jones is justly proud of the fact that she was the only Alsatian, dog or bitch, to win a prize both on the bench and in the Obedience Class at Birmingham, being second in Limit Bitch and



TI FUH OF SHERHILL

The property of Miss Allen

second in Obedience Class, when she also won the A.S.P.A.D.S. bronze medal.

Miss Gardner sends a picture of her Irish wolf-hound, Dominick of Coolafin. She wishes to part with him to a good home. He is a dog of great size, as can be seen, particularly good in hind-quarters and movement, which is where these large dogs often fail. He is very good-tempered, trained to the house, and has had distemper. Irish wolfhounds, in addition to their majestic appearance, have the most charming characters, and show great devotion to those they are fond of.

Miss Allen, whose Pekingese are well known, sends a photograph of her good young dog Ti Fuh of Sherhill, who was a prize-winner at Cruft's—and it was something to win at Cruft's, as the entry was enormous. Miss Allen has some young stock for sale.

I regret much to hear from Miss Trefusis that owing to her mother's death she has to leave Heather to her dogs. She has for sale two first-class, both mated, also the wire-haired dachshund bitch

mount, and must therefore part with her dogs. She has for sale two first-class, both mated, also the wire-haired dachshund bitch Lonita, who won the Challenge Certificate at the K.C. Show, and is mated to the famous Ares v.d. Hohenlohe. These would start anyone well in dachshunds. She also has a very good young Cairn bitch for disposal, and a few young dogs as companions. Miss Trefusis' Cairns are well known, and she has done equally well in dachshunds. Champion Elect of Caytonbay and Champion Tibbie of Bourton are both directly descended from bitches bred by Miss Trefusis.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



WANDA OF WINLEIGH

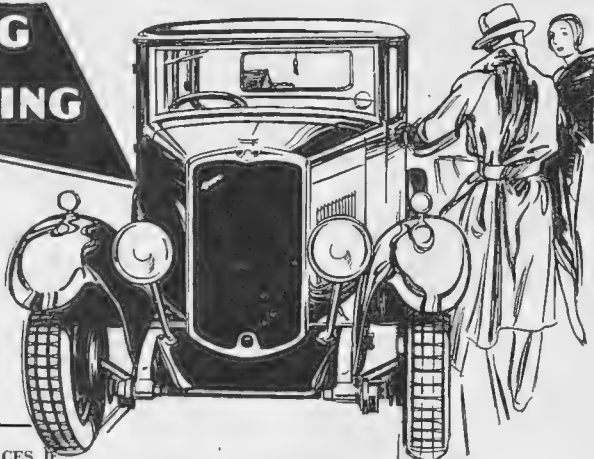
The property of Miss Piercy Jones



DOMINICK OF COOLAFIN

The property of Miss Gardner

SEEING
IS
BELIEVING



MODELS & PRICES (at Works).

- 4-seater Open Tourer, £235.
- Drop-Head Coupé, £250.
- "Nomad" Fabric Saloon, £260.
- "Migrant" Sun Saloon, £270.
- "Foursome" Coupé, £270.
- "Paladin" Coach-built Saloon, £285.
- "Fleetwing" Sports Saloon, £295.
- Wire Wheels £8 8s. extra; except on "Fleetwing" Saloon.

-and trying is better still

To hear a Swift enthusiast—and there are thousands of them—you would think he was grossly exaggerating the performance and appearance of his car, which after all, you say, is only 10 h.p. But see one for yourself; better still, try one out over a run long enough to bring in some really difficult country, and it will dawn upon you that the enthusiasm of every Swift owner is perfectly justified.

And with longer acquaintance you too will be expounding on its virtues in a manner that will make the uninitiated put you down as "a bit of a fisherman" till they too decide to try.

SWIFT

"TENS"

SWIFT OF COVENTRY LIMITED COVENTRY
Joint London Distributors: NEWNHAM MOTOR CO., 237, Hammersmith Rd., W.6, & HENLYS, 11 D., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1, and Henly House, opp. Gt. Portland St. Station, W.1.

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Of 117 starters the TRIUMPH SUPER SEVEN, driven by Mr. D. M. Healey, was only beaten by decimal points for

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BEST PERFORMANCE OF ANY BRITISH CAR

Triumph averaged 40 k.p.h. for 2,160 miles from Tallinn and tied for

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The finest small car in the world.

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Warwick Wright Says

WHAT CONSTITUTES A 1930 CAR?

STUTZ incorporated its features four years ago.

The double-dropped frame, with ultra low centre of gravity, Stutz had in 1926. Be not deceived by squashed-down bodywork. It does not imply a low weighted car—only lack of headroom. The straight-eight-in-line engine, with overhead camshaft, Stutz brought this out in 1926.

Safety Glass as standard—1926.

Side bumper steel running boards integral with the frame. This real safety feature Stutz brought out—1926.

Worm drive making for a low built transmission line. It comes from Stutz 1926—and since.

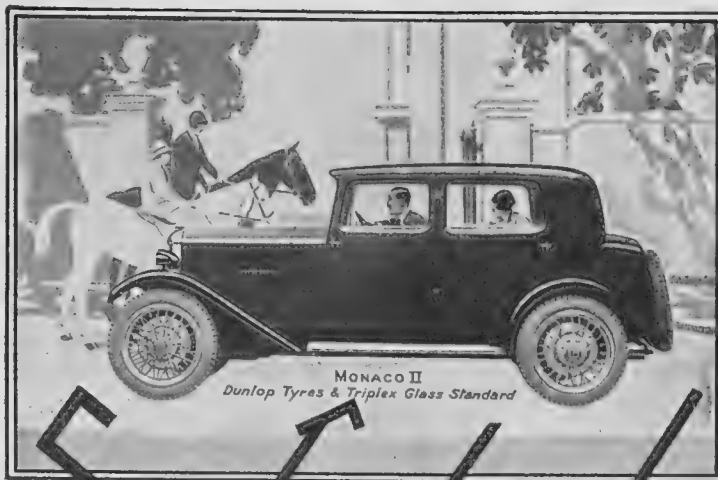
Four speed gearbox with silent-third, . . . Stutz features, 1928. "No-back"—without which no car is up-to-date. Stutz had it 1929.

All these points are best shown in the Stutz—which originated them and has learnt all about them by experience.

Stutz will be consistently the car of the future.

All these great points are in the STUTZ and the BLACK HAWK.

150 NEW BOND ST.
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Safety!

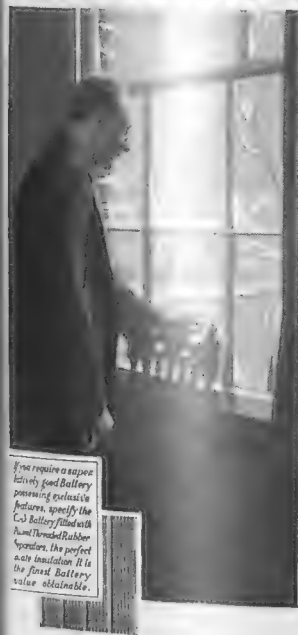
Safer Motoring!
Listen. The designers of the Riley "9" have made this really possible. The widely set springs, the low centre of gravity, the position of the rear seats—well in front of the rear axle—the easily adjustable and efficient brakes—the remarkably rapid acceleration—the dim and switch Headlight device—the standardized Triplex Glass—all these individualistic features make for Safer Motoring.

You can test all these features on a demonstration run in the car that's set all the World talking. Let us arrange it—put the



to the test and you will be convinced.

"I should be beaten..."



I should be beaten if I were in that fellow's shoes. It looks as though he is making heavy work of it.

Cranking up an engine on a freezing cold day like this calls for youthful strength and energy, and I am afraid I haven't much of that left.

Thank goodness, however, I don't have trouble that way, for the C.A.V. Battery on my car has never failed me once.

If your starter is feeble, a C.A.V. Battery will cure your trouble. Fit it and treat it well, and you will never again use the starting handle.

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MODEL 12TW9 - - £5.2.6.

12 volts, 51 Amp. Hours (at 10 hr. rate).

This Battery is suitable for many cars, including Alvis, Argyll, Dodge, Clyno, Rover, Galloway, Standard, Star.

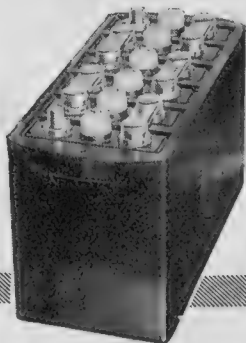
For that demonstration write—
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CLEAR THE UNDERBRUSH FROM BEAUTY'S PATH

Take Heed to the Complexion.

HERE must be no self-deception when a woman begins to study her complexion. It is possible that she may accentuate without disaster some slight defect in her face, but she must do it with artistry and in front of a triple mirror. The most important thing of all is to take steps to see that the skin is clear, and it is no exaggeration to state that the Tangee day and night creams are the foundation of real loveliness. The former cleanses and nourishes the skin, leaving it as soft as a petal of a rose. The latter is an ideal base for powder, and is endowed with tissue-building properties; surely a unique attribute.

The Art of Make-up.

Nowadays intelligent women study the art of make-up in the same manner as she studies that of clothes, with concentration on her own individual problem. She is not content with possessing the best rouge and the best lipstick, she takes thought as to the most becoming manner in which to apply them, in many instances consulting experts on the subject. With the Tangee preparations is included a very interesting brochure treating with the most difficult art—Make-up.

Be Beautiful with Tangee.

The first thing to be chosen is the rouge, and it seems almost unnecessary to state that the Tangee rouges are on a plane apart. There is the crème rouge that, like the lipstick, resists everything except soap and water. Its colour is magical for both



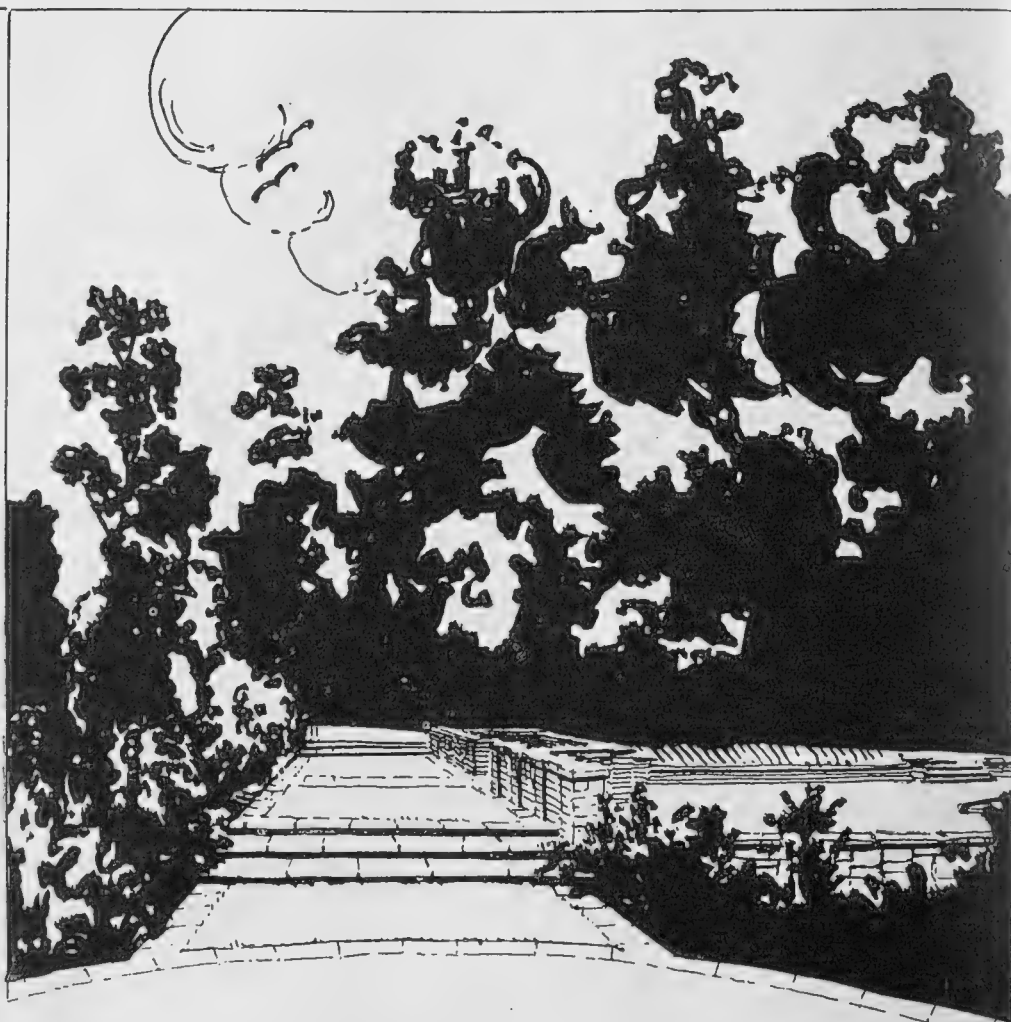
Surely it is worth while to know how to make up the face, how to give the finishing touches of artistry that are necessary for beauty or individuality. Just what is beautiful and subtly telling may be achieved with the Tangee preparations. They blend with the complexion

blondes and brunettes; it gives to the face a blush-rose loveliness, and with care remodel the face—it all depends where placed. Then there is the rouge in cream form—it may well be likened to an ever faithful friend who keeps the colour in place. It is to be regretted that limitations of space forbid giving details of the correct method of adding rouge to broad, oval, and heart-shaped faces. Particulars will, however, be found in the brochure to which reference has already been made.

To Make the Cupid's Bow.

Tangee lipstick is making emphatic gestures to be mentioned, and so shall be; it always turns to blush-rose the lips and never rubs off. Its cold cream base keeps the lips soft and lovely. A clever woman can make it do just what she wants in the matter of shading. Those with average mouths should start at the centre of the upper lip and make a curve upward and outward, finishing just before the corners are reached. On the lower lip the lipstick must be used from side to side. If the mouth is too thin it must be rouged heavily in the centre; if it is too wide, stop before the corners are reached and then cautiously outward, blending the colour. It is wonderful the difference these things make. Included in the Tangee battery of preparations is the powder; it is available in exquisite shades of peach-bloom for the true blonde, rose for the ash blonde, cream for the mid-brunette, and rachel for the brunette of the Spanish type. Plenty of powder must always be used, patted on so lightly with a big soft puff.

GARDENS
IN ANY
STYLE
OR
PERIOD



WILLIAM
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TAPLOW, Bucks.

OUR FOLIOS T.2 ON GARDEN DESIGN ARE SENT POST FREE ON REQUEST



The right time ...
...for a long time

The accuracy of a Zenith is no matter of minutes a month. It is the kind of accuracy that moves a man first to surprise, then to amazement, finally to complete confidence as weeks and weeks go by and the Zenith still goes unerringly on—unceasingly accurate.

To the man who carries a Zenith time takes on a new meaning. His watch becomes an ally in life—a respected friend. Respected the more because of its outward beauty. For a Zenith is always cased as befits the world's best watch.

Zenith watches are obtainable from all the better jewellers and watchmakers. The prices are widely ranged — as low as £3 7s. 6d. for pocket-watches, £5 0s. 0d. for gentlemen's wrist-watches and £5 7s. 6d. for ladies' wrist-watches.

The lady's watch above, complete with Milanese bracelet—in 18 carat gold, costs £18 5s. 0d.

May we send you
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We have a book about watches which explains very clearly, very interestingly, just what makes a watch a good watch. It will fascinate you by its revelation of the wonders of the modern fine timekeeper.
Write to the ZENITH WATCH COMPANY, Dept. 2E, 119, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. We will also tell you the name of your nearest Zenith dealer.

ZENITH
HOLD THE RECORD FOR ACCURACY
Watches

FRESH VIGOUR

SOUND SLEEP
SMOOTH SKIN

Ensured by
PHOSFERINE
Brand Tonic



MISS JEAN COLIN,

the clever young actress who has scored such a brilliant success in "Here Comes the Bride" at the Piccadilly Theatre, writes:

"HELP of the best kind is what Phosferine Brand Tonic has always been to me. I find I can get through anything I start out to do when I begin my dose of Phosferine Tonic. It saves one from the sort of nerve fatigue which often spoils the best work. It is a case of working at top speed daily during the run of a successful play, but I find I never need anything more than Phosferine Tonic to be sure of sound sleep, and that feeling of delightful, fresh vigour which makes one feel happy in one's work. I owe it to Phosferine Tonic that I can spend energy in studying hard, and I would like to impress strongly upon all women workers, that Phosferine Tonic is admirable for preventing that nerve worry and anxiety which ruins the smooth youthfulness of the skin."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

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The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.
PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline.
Supersedes all old-fashioned laxatives—It Tones as it Cleanses!

Aldwych

Weddings and Engagements

An Anglo-German Wedding.

Lieutenant-Commander R. C. Gibbs, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Gibbs of 7, Prince of Wales Terrace, W., is marrying shortly in Berlin Fräulein Walda Gruhn, the youngest daughter of Herr and Frau E. Gruhn of 19k, Stettiner - strasse, Berlin.

Next Month.

Early next month, Mr. Henry Foster McClintock of Red House, Ardee, Co. Louth, the eldest son of the late Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, K.C.B., is to be married to Miss Marion Gledstones, the younger daughter of the late Mr. Moutray Gledstones of Fardross, Clogher, Co. Tyrone; and the 5th is the date chosen for the marriage between Mr. Guy Hughes and Miss June Spicer, which will take place in Paris.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Douglas Archibald Home, Coldstream Guards, the only son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Home of Cavenham Park, Suffolk, and Miss Frances Johnson, elder daughter of Mrs. John Johnson of Pinewood Lodge, Stourwood, Bournemouth, and of the late Dr. Johnson; Captain George Murray, M.C., the Seaforth Highlanders, son of Mr. and

Mrs. Keith Murray of Thurso, Caithness, and Miss Betty Wheeler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Wheeler of 159, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead; Mr. Michael Franklin, youngest son of Mr. Ernest L. Franklin and Hon. Mrs. Franklin of 50, Porchester Terrace, W., and Miss Irene Clain



MR. PETER DOUTY



MISS AUDREY HILL

Whose engagement was announced recently. Miss Audrey Hill is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill of Denton Park, Ilkley, Yorks, and granddaughter of Sir James Hill, Bt. Mr. Douty is a Cambridge Blue and Rugby International

Bloch, elder daughter of the late Mr. Ar Bloch and Mrs. Nathan of Paris; Blake-Pritchard, M.D., M.R.C.P.; son of Mr. and T. H. Pritchard of Clodagh, Surrey, and Mary Clodagh Mary Maryne Lewin, daughter Major and Mrs. H Lewin of Dipping Farnham Comm Bucks; Mr. G. Whitehead, son of E. A. Whitehead, Montreal, Quebec, and Doris Jack, only daughter of Mr. Richard Jack, R.A., and Mrs. Jack of 3, Pembroke W.; Mr. Leonard Norr only son of Mr. and R. L. Norris of New Hall, Horley, Surrey, Miss Monica Salisb twin daughter of Mr. Mrs. Frank O. Salisb of 62, Avenue Regent's Park; Mr. Topham of the Fore Department, Nyassa younger son of Mr. F. Topham and Miss E. Garnham, youngest daughter of the late Lieut. P. C. Garnham, R.N.D. and of Mrs. Garnham, Wise-lane Mill Hill.



By

Appointment

Fine Furniture



A reproduction Queen Anne Settee in blue Genoa Velvet, 6 ft. 6 ins. wide.

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GILL & REIGATE, LTD.

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YOUR APPEARANCE IS YOUR GREATEST ASSET

WOMEN have recognised this fact from the earliest periods of the World's History, and it is, if possible, more true to-day. It matters not in what sphere your lot is cast, or what your age. Youth and Beauty have ever carried all before them.

Painless COSMETIC SURGERY allied to MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE

is the only method of obtaining, or retaining, this appearance; and the correction of any facial disfigurement, peculiarity, or blemish, whether the result of illness, accident, age, or pre-natal influences.



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In order to become an expert, not only is the ordinary training in Lecture Rooms, Hospitals, and Laboratories necessary, but also a special knowledge of Chemistry, Pharmacy, Electricity, and Dermatology.

THE PERSONAL FACTOR

is therefore all important, if success is to be assured, and:

Mr. Abbott-Brown is the only exponent of Plastic Surgery whose announcements appear in the *Lay Press*, trained at a London General Hospital and with seven years' practical hospital experience.

The following are a few only of the imperfections which can be corrected or removed:—

Sagging Cheeks or Necks, Nose-to-Mouth Lines, Wrinkled Eyelids, Drooping Eyebrows, Scars, Unshapely Noses, Ears or Lips, Double Chins, and such minor conditions as Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Unrefined Skin, etc.

Booklet (T), containing extracts from appreciative letters regarding his work during the past 21 years, will be forwarded on request, or a free consultation regarding the feasibility of treatment may be arranged by visit, letter or telephone.

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Preserve Health, Vigour, Energy



—by guarding
your feet at the
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Think—you are resting your whole weight upon the arch of your foot which is raised from the ground. That is the danger point—that is where you get foot-weary, tired. Arch-Moulded Shoes, with their wonderful hidden supports, will bring you amazing new foot-energy!

The style illustrated is in Brown Glace Kid priced at 45/-, also in Black Glace Kid 39/6. Prices do not apply to Irish Free State.

CHURCH'S ARCH-MOULDED SHOES

Support your feet at the danger point!

Obtainable from Leading shoe stores.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE, CHURCH & CO., LTD., NORTHAMPTON.



MILLINERY of the moment is very appropriately expressed by this simple and delightful Tweed Hat, designed and made in the Heelas Millinery Salons for golf, sports, or country wear.

42/-

Ladies' own Tweeds can be made up in this shape to match costumes.

HEELAS Ltd.
READING

CORSETRY

FOR
THE NEW FASHIONS

Fashions for the coming season show the line of the natural figure, and our Corsetière has recently designed several improved models of our famous Corslo garments. If customers are unable to favour us with a visit in order that their requirements may be individually studied by our expert, orders sent by post will receive the personal attention and supervision of our Corsetière.

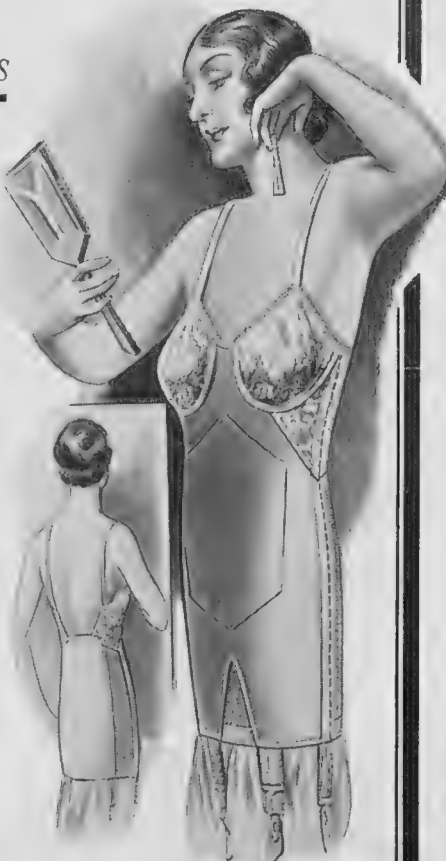
THE FAMOUS CORSLO MODELS FOR FULL FIGURES which have been so successful during the last few years can still be supplied as formerly if desired.

CORSLO GRACIEUSE made in cotton tricot, with lace top, boneless and backless; two panels of elastic to support the hips; two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required—bust, hips and waist.

PRICE 4 Gns.

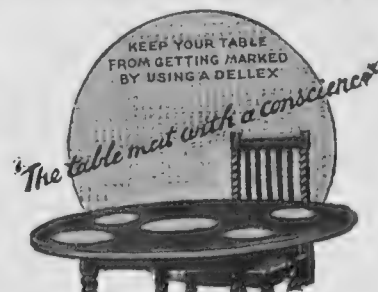
Debenham
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Sent on Approval.

Dellex WASHABLE HOT-PLATE TABLE MATS



DELLEX TABLE MATS

Washable, Hygienic, Flexible and Dainty.

The ideal Mat for use with Tablecloth or under Lace or Linen Table d'Oyleys, and for every purpose where a protective Mat is needed.

They cost a little more, but the wise housewife knows that "DELLEX TABLE MATS" will wash and wear for years, making them the most economical Table Mat extant. Hot plates cannot stick to them, a frequent annoyance with mats covered with American cloth or similar material.

Made in the following fadeless colours: Ivory White, Mahogany, Oak, Orange, Blue, Gold and Green, in usual round and oval sizes. Also made to order for Dinner and Tea Wagons, Trays, Sideboards, Table tops, etc., in any shape or size.

Of all London and Provincial Stores and Dealers, if any difficulty in obtaining write to

DELLEX LTD., 106, Baker St., LONDON, W.1

Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for £10 to give a boy of fifteen a good start in life. When nine years old Gordon developed a bad form of infantile paralysis, which left him very lame, but in spite of this he studied hard—typewriting and shorthand—and attended evening classes. Life at home is not too easy; his father earns small wages as a carpenter, and his mother is an incurable invalid. For years the boy did everything for her, but now he has a job in an office and is away all day. Most of his small earnings go towards paying a woman to look after things at home; his fares, too, are a great burden. A splendid fellow, he has put up a good fight against many difficulties; £10 would pay his fares for one year and give him a good suit of clothes. Please give him a chance.

The officers of the Royal Artillery have this year selected *The Thirteenth Chair*, a play in three acts, by Bayard Veiller, for their annual performance. The production, as usual, will be staged at the Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, and will run throughout the week March 10 to 15, with a matinée on Wednesday, March 12. The Royal Artillery Band, under Captain Stretton, will supply the orchestral music as usual, and the play will be produced by Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn. Further particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, R.A. Officers' Dramatic Club, R.A. Mess, Woolwich.

Olympia from July 16-26, 1930, will be transformed into a gigantic "Temple of Health," resplendent in vigour and vitality, the genesis of a great national campaign, constructive in character, for a higher standard of health and happiness. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to become the Patron



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW, 1930

R. S. CRISP

The Light Blue crew's latest picture, and so far as anyone can tell there will not be any alteration. The names are: Standing—A. S. Reeve (Brighton and Selwyn), P. N. Carpmal (Oundle and Jesus), H. R. N. Rickett (Eton and Third Trinity), D. Haig-Thomas (Eton and Lady Margaret), R. E. Swartwout, cox (Middlesex, U.S.A., and First Trinity); seated—B. Collins (Eton and Third Trinity), M. H. Warriner, President (Harrow and First Trinity), J. A. Macnabb, coach, T. A. Brocklebank, stroke (Eton and Third Trinity), and W. A. Prideaux (Eton and Third Trinity)

of the Exhibition. The organisation of the Exhibition has been undertaken by "The Daily Chronicle," who are responsible for the idea, an idea which has captured the imagination and secured the interest of the Prime Minister, the Ministers for War, Air, and Health, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, who with the Marquess of Reading, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Derby, Lord Woolavington, and Lord Dewar, with Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George, are to be found amongst the Vice-Presidents. The co-operation of the British Charities Association has been obtained, and the support of the medical profession officially given through the medium of the President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Any profits accruing will be distributed among the voluntary hospitals by the British Charities Association.

An Ice Carnival will be held at the Richmond Ice Rink on March 6, commencing at 7 p.m. Among the many attractions the carnival will be a fancy-dress parade, prizes to be presented by Princess George. There will be hoop races for men and ladies, exhibitions by Mr. Albert Enders and Miss St. Cambridge, and waltzing competitions. Music will be supplied by the Richmond Ice Rink Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Thomas Sharp.

A Correction.

In our issue of February 5 we inserted a group, taken at Cannes, which included a gentleman described as Colonel Davies. The proper description should have been Colonel Lady Waldie-Griffith, before married in 1926, was Mrs. William Pearson. Her first husband, Captain Westcott Young, R.A.M.C., who was killed in action. We apologise for any annoyance or inconvenience which has been caused by this mistake.



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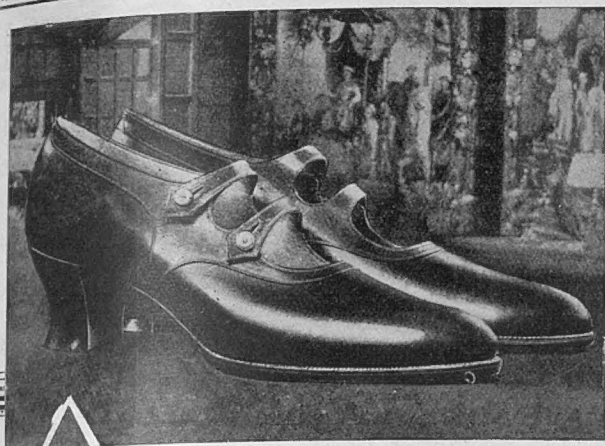
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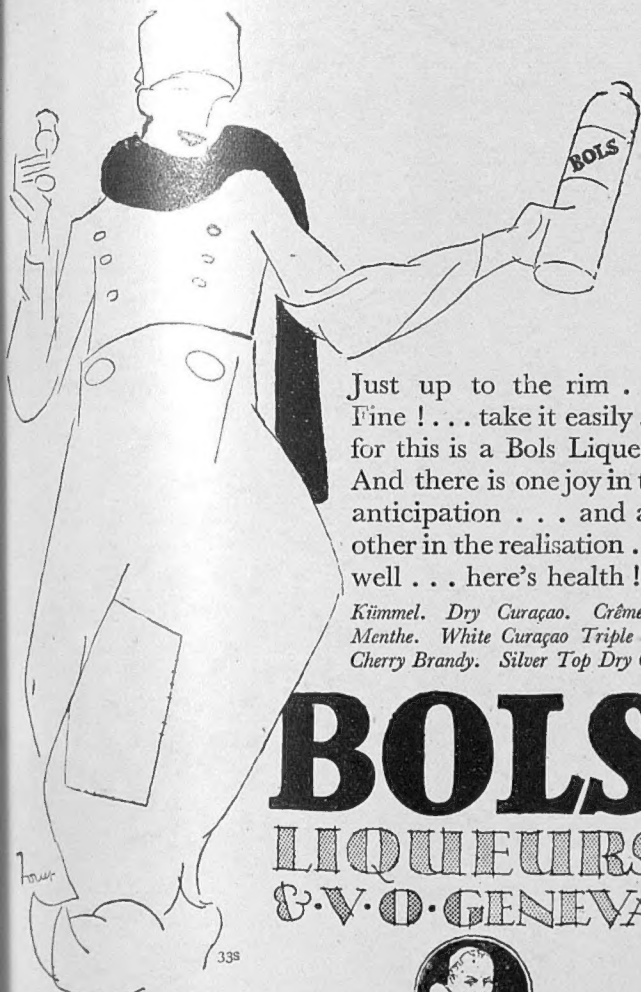
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That now beneath my
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ture lavish'd here
Her purest wave, her
softest skies.



Close to my wooded
bank below
In grassy calm the
waters sleep,
And to the sun
proudly show
The coral rock they
love to steep!
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After which Harling dined alone and sat alone, returned every night to a house the loneliness of which was ghastly, and heard his wife on the creaking stairs on her way to a lonely bed. Injustice? He considered that that word applied equally to him. He talked to himself of pulling his weight in the boat—that phrase she disliked so much, and of which, because of a lack of training, the average woman knows nothing and, as he maintained, cares a damn sight less. It was a pity that he was without an elderly philosophical friend and adviser who could tell him with brutal frankness what a perfect ass he was and talk wisely about the need of a reasonable point of view. It wasn't enough, it's never enough for a husband to supply his wife merely with meat and vegetables, servants and a roof, especially when she's young. But this man hated failure and wouldn't own to it. And so he cracked the whip. Whereupon, with her chin stuck out and her lips made all the redder by the whiteness of her face, Tessa announced that she had finished with that "cruel house" and went off to Le Touquet with her mother and the gang . . .

In "THE DESERTED CITY"
by Cosmo Hamilton

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